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ART. I.—*Remarks on the Science of History; followed by an a priori Autobiography.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 164.

THIS work appears without the author's name; but we presume we betray no confidence in saying that it is by a Unitarian minister, in whom, while he was pursuing his preparatory studies, we took a deep personal interest, and who was one of our most intimate and highly esteemed young friends. If we submit, in the course of the following remarks, some of its reasonings and speculations to a severe, this fact may assure the author that it is to no unfriendly, criticism.

The author inscribes his work to "Citoyen Pierre Leroux, Republican and Philosopher," and tells us that the materials requisite for its construction are to be found in the works of Jacob Boehme, Fabre d'Olivet, and P. J. B. Buchez; but this, though creditable to his independence and frankness, can hardly be regarded as a recommendation of his work itself. We have, it is true, never studied the writings of Jacob Boehme, but we have looked into them far enough to see that their author was a wild enthusiast, who mistook his own heated fancies for the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. Fabre d'Olivet we know only as cited by Leroux in his *L'Humanité*; but we hazard nothing in classing him with those profound scholars who draw their erudition from their theories, and then support their theories by it. Buchez, best known to our public as the first President of the French National Assembly, appears to be a man of moderate abilities and respectable attainments, a half-disciple of Lamennais, and a visionary, who would conform

the Church to the spirit of the age, and make her on earth the Church Triumphant, by effecting an impossible amalgamation between Catholicity and modern pantheistic Socialism. All three are men with whom we have little sympathy, and the last from whose works we should expect materials suitable for a work to be composed and published by a professedly Christian minister.

Leroux is, unquestionably, a man of ability, endowed with no small portion of the philosophical spirit, and possessed of various and extensive, though ill-digested, erudition. He has been well characterized by M. Lerminier, in one of the French periodicals, — we cannot now recollect which, — as an author with “numerous notions on a variety of subjects, but acquired in a manner somewhat confused,” as having “more fervor of spirit than strength of mind, more impetuosity in the pursuit of ideas than power to master and translate them, and more boldness of imagination than solidity of judgment.” The present writer, as editor of *The Boston Quarterly Review*, had, we believe, the very questionable honor of being the first to introduce him to the American public; and we cannot deny that there was a brief period when he exerted a very great influence over our own philosophical speculations. Indeed, the study of his writings formed an epoch in our mental history, and we drew largely upon him in constructing our *Synthetic Philosophy*, some chapters of which were published in *The Democratic Review* for 1842 and 1843; and we are indebted to him for much that is sound, and nearly all that is unsound, chimerical, extravagant, and pantheistic, in the various philosophical essays which we published during the period beginning with January, 1842, and ending with July, 1844, and which we hope no one will regard as indicative of the philosophical doctrines we have since held or now hold.

We learned, it is true, much from Leroux which we have seen no reason to reject, but still more which we now regard as false and absurd. We learned from him to substitute, intentionally at least, the ontological method of philosophizing for the psychological, which we had hitherto professed, and this was much; but, unhappily, we learned from him, at the same time, a vicious ontology, conducting, though we saw it not then, necessarily to pantheism or nihilism. We learned from him, though for false and insufficient reasons, to respect scientific tradition, the continuity of science through the ages, and that every system which breaks it is to be rejected, — a

great and important truth ; but we learned from him to confound scientific and theological tradition, and to subject both to a psychological instead of an ontological test. We learned from him to assert the direct intuition of ideas, or the intelligible, as Reid had taught us to assert the direct perception of bodies, — a fact, the neglect or denial of which has ruined modern philosophy ; but we were, at the same time, led by him to disregard all distinction between intuition and reflection, and therefore to contend that reflection, as well as intuition, reproduces the order of being ; which involves the absurdity of supposing that, in the order of being, the abstract precedes the concrete, the possible the real, and that the creator is fulfilled or completed in the creature. In fine, we learned from him to assert an ontological basis for Christianity, and to regard the Christian mysteries as great ontological truths or facts ; but were led by him to assert natural ontology, or the ontological truths and facts of the natural order, in the place of those of the supernatural order, the peculiarly Christian ontology. These errors vitiated the truths we borrowed from Leroux, and which we might better have learned from far purer sources, if we had had any thing like that acquaintance with philosophical literature which every one should have who assumes the attitude of a teacher of philosophy.

The author of the small, but ambitious and not insignificant volume before us, appears to have adopted from Leroux, substantially, these same truths, coupled with these same errors, however widely he may differ from his master in his development of them. He is not a plagiarist, he is not a mere compiler, but he fails to give his own fine metaphysical genius fair play. He thinks and writes too much under the influence of masters, and relies with too generous a confidence on the acuteness, depth, and erudition of the school to which he finds himself accidentally attached. In consequence of this, though possessing the capacity for original thought, and no ordinary aptitude for free and independent philosophical speculation, he does not work freely, and gives us, after all, little else than what we may find in the authors he has studied. He will, we trust, emancipate himself, one of these days, and justify the expectation we long ago indulged, that he would prove a valuable contributor to American philosophical science.

The author has bestowed much thought and labor on his work, and yet it bears the marks of haste. It is not equally elaborated throughout, and it wants artistic conception and

finish. Its several parts do not seem to us to cohere, or to have originated in the same design. We feel, in reading it, that it lacks unity and regular scientific development. It is not easy to discover the connection between the author's Remarks on the Science of History, and his *A priori* Autobiography, which follows, avowedly for the purpose of illustrating and verifying them. The Autobiography is said to be constructed according to the *a priori* methods; that is, as we understand it, deduced, geometrically, from necessary and eternal principles. No such principles appear to be enunciated, and there is nothing in the Autobiography itself to lead one to regard it as any thing else than an autobiographical sketch of the religious experience of a serious young man, of a speculative turn, exhibiting with spirit and fidelity the various doubts he encountered, and the methods and reasonings by which he solved or attempted to solve them. But as the author really has a philosophical genius, we must presume that he connects the several parts of his work in his own mind, and has, underlying them, a philosophy which he regards as moulding them all into a uniform and systematic whole. This philosophy, which he presupposes rather than states, we must seize in the best way we can, and appreciate, as the condition of understanding and appreciating what he has written.

It is evident from the Remarks on the Science of History, with which the author prefaces his *A priori* Autobiography, that he holds, — 1st, that the human race is progressive, and that the history of its progress is universal history; 2d, that universal history may be written in the form of the biography of any given individual; and 3d, that biography, and therefore universal history, may be constructed *a priori*. The following extract will clearly prove this much.

“Desire, according to Buchez, the first President of the present French National Assembly, is a movement of the will, an outbreak, and energetic operation, of the active principle, toward something we have not as yet.

“When we do not understand our desire, we are conscious of uneasiness, doubt, and trouble: as soon, however, as the intelligence begins to comprehend the blind appetency, a formula for it rises to the mind, and it becomes transformed at once into acceptance, hope, determinate volition, aspiration in view of an ideal, a conviction, a form of faith, a belief, &c.; — *it becomes, moreover, a thesis proposed for reasoning.* Thus the movement for the comprehension of a desire may be considered as containing the progress and

completion of a distinct event, viz. the acquisition of a clearly defined sentiment ; and, for this reason, that movement may be subdivided as follows : (1.) The appetency, or longing tendency, toward something we do not possess, and of whose nature we have no clear apprehension ; (2.) The reasoning we institute within ourselves to discover the origin of our uneasiness, — to discover also the object which is necessary for the satisfaction of our desires ; (3.) The full and conscious act of desire, which is the operation of instinctive tendencies, with an open knowledge of the object desired.

“ The progress of any event, in which men are actors, takes place always in three stages : the first is the great epoch of *DESIRE*, which is subdivided, as we have seen, into three sub-epochs ; the second is the great epoch of *REASONING*, wherein are discovered the ways and means by which the object necessary in order to the gratification of desire may be obtained ; and the last is the great epoch of *EXECUTION* or *REALIZATION*. The epochs of Reasoning and Execution are, like that of Desire, each of them subdivided into three sub-epochs, — as shall be fully exemplified in the sequel.

“ These three Grand Epochs, each of which is composed of three sub-epochs, form, when taken together, the great Logical Series by Nines, the series of Buchez.*

“ No example, in illustration of the movement of this series, would carry so much conviction to the mind of the reader, as one that could be verified by each individual from his own private experience : such an example is possible for us, for the ordinary process of a religious experience lends itself very readily for the purposes of scientific investigation, and, moreover, fulfils the requisite conditions. To test, therefore, the correctness of the serial order and movement, we will proceed to construct, by the *a priori* methods, a sort of imaginary spiritual Autobiography. And we shall take the liberty, for the sake of securing facility of composition, and avoiding circumlocution, to commence at once by speaking in the first person.

“ The method of writing universal history under the form of a biography, and of writing biography under the forms of universal history, is philosophically correct.

“ As it was necessary for the race to go through the Mosaic dispensation, in order to become prepared for the reception of Christianity, so it was necessary for it to go through the Patriarchal dispensation, in order to become prepared for the religion revealed through Moses. In like manner, in the experience of the private Christian, the understanding of the Old Testament must pave the way for the understanding of the New. Every thing moves forward

* *Introduction to the Science of History*, by P. J. B. Buchez. Paris. 1842. 2 vols. 8vo.

in regular progressions. He who *thoroughly* understands the present epoch must have reproduced, and lived through, in his private experience, all the religions, dispensations, and civilizations that preceded it." — pp. v. — viii.

1. That mankind are progressive, though not in the sense the modern progressists, or humanists, pretend, we do not dispute, and could not, without denying the propriety of all efforts for their moral, physical, intellectual, and religious improvement, and of all exhortations, admonitions, instructions, schools, colleges, seminaries, and churches. But it is no less certain that they are also retrogressive, and that, if in one time or place they advance, they in another decline and suffer deterioration. Their history, or what the author terms universal history, must take note of this fact, and record the decline and fall of individuals, of nations, states, and empires, as well as their rise and progress. The author's conception of history, then, omits a very real and a very important class of facts, and is therefore inadequate.

2. The history of mankind can be written in the form of biography only on condition that there is no difference between individual and individual, and none between the individual and the species, which, since the species is identical in all individuals, is to deny all individual existence, and therefore all existences, — for existence is, and must be, individual. *Genera* and *species* are, no doubt, very real; but, considered apart from individuals, in which they are concentered, their reality is God, and distinct or distinguishable from him they are not. As God, they are the possibility of actual existences, but are themselves only possible, not actual, existences. But history is always of the actual, and existence resolved into its possibility has no history. If, then, the author admits no difference between individual and *species*, he cannot write history at all; for there is then no history conceivable. If he admits a difference between individual and *species*, he cannot write universal history in the form of biography, or biography in the form of universal history; for biography must note what is peculiar to one individual, and history must record, not only what is common to all individuals, but also that wherein different ages and nations differ from one another. The biography of Theodore Parker will not be the biography of Plato; nor the biography of Aristotle, or even that of our author, the history of all men. It is true, the author cites Ralph Waldo Emerson in proof of his doctrine, but the passage he cites is not precisely to his purpose; besides, Mr. Emerson is not conclusive philosophical authority.

3. But passing over this, neither history nor biography can be written *a priori*, because the supposition denies free creation, that is to say all creation, and then all contingent existence, and therefore all existences, as distinguishable from necessary Being, or God. To write or construct *a priori* is to deduce from necessary principles their eternal and necessary consequences. *A priori* reasoning is simply analysis, and gives only what is already contained in the matter analyzed; for nothing can be in the conclusion not contained in the premises. If the premises are necessary and eternal, the consequences must be necessary and eternal; and if the premises are not necessary and eternal, the reasoning is not, strictly speaking, *a priori*. To assert that history can be constructed *a priori* is, then, either to assert that history takes note only of the essences or forms of things, or that all men, nay, all existences, are necessary and eternal. The author can assert neither; not the latter, because if he makes all existences necessary and eternal, he identifies them with God, and denies them as existences, and of course what is not can have no history; not the former, because the essences or forms of things are necessary and eternal, as he himself strenuously maintains; and the necessary and eternal has no history, for it is immutable and immovable, neither progressive nor retrogressive. History is predicable only of the contingent, subjected to the accidents of space and time; and if the author denies space and time, he cannot assert his theory of the progress of the race by the "great logical series by nines," which, though logical, he evidently holds to be also chronological. Evidently, then, the author is mistaken in saying that history or biography can be constructed *a priori*; for the only condition on which he can suppose it would deny its possibility, by asserting that existences are necessary and eternal, therefore only necessary and eternal modes or affections of the Divine Being, who, as not subjected to the accidents of space and time, has and can have no history.

But waiving this, the author's theory of history is inconsistent with itself. He is, like Buchez and Leroux, a devout believer in progress. He holds, as may be seen from the passage cited, that mankind commence their career in space and time at the lowest conceivable point, in the epoch of Desire, and in the lowest sub-epoch of this grand epoch, namely, in that of mere "blind appetency," and that they gradually work their way up through the several epochs and sub-epochs to the grand epoch of Execution or of Realization, both logically and chrono-

logically. But from the connection he asserts between history and biography, it is evident that he holds that every individual of every successive generation must commence at the same point, and traverse the same number of epochs, and in the same order. Where, then, is the progress of mankind? Their progress would seem to be in a circle, that is, a progress in which there is no advance. The ages accumulate nothing; every newborn individual has to begin where the first began, and no one can derive any advantage from his predecessors.

Assuming that the starting-point for the race and for the individual is in mere blind appetency, the author takes, as the point of departure for his Autobiography, the mere blind *religious* appetency, and conducts himself, step by step, through his several epochs and sub-epochs, to the grand epoch of Realization, that is, the realization of the appetency in full scientific belief in God and the Christian revelation, — at least such is his pretension. But in reading his work, we cannot help feeling that he very effectually refutes himself; for his reasoning powers appear to have been as fully developed in the first epoch as in the last, and the reasons by which he sustains his doubts to be every whit as conclusive as those by which he sustains his belief. He, moreover, does not adhere rigidly to his plan of proceeding, by geometrical reasoning, from blind appetency to its final realization. His chain of deduction, here and there, lacks a link, and he is obliged to *toggle* it with frequent sudden revelations. These sudden revelations are of great assistance to him, and appear as accommodating as were the gods to Homer, when the blind old bard wished to excuse or cover the retreat of a favorite hero, or enable him to elude a blow which might send him prematurely to the land of shadows. We trust this is the only likeness between them and the Homeric gods, and far be it from us to intimate that they proceed from the author's imagination.

We cannot follow the author, step by step, through his Autobiography, of which we are to presume that he is himself no more the subject than is every other man. All we can do is to seize upon a few prominent points, which will serve best to bring out his philosophy, and enable us to set forth what we regard as his more fundamental errors. It is clear to the philosophical reader, that his theory is based, on the one hand, on the Cartesian enthymem, *cogito, ergo sum*, and on a false Platonism, on the other. The pretension of Cartesianism is to demonstrate, after the manner of the geometers, from the

simple sentiment or conception of our personal existence, or rather entity, the being of God and the existence of the universe, — an absurd pretension, which vitiates all modern philosophy, and leads, as Gioberti has unanswerably proved, necessarily to the sensism of Locke and Condillac, and the skepticism and atheism of the French school, on the one side, and on the other, to the pantheism of Spinoza and of the recent German philosophers. Nothing can be deduced from the conception of our personal existence, regarded as entity, but that existence itself; for deduction is analysis, and analysis adds nothing to the intuition, as Kant has for ever settled in his masterly *Critik der reinen Vernunft*. Hence it is that the syllogism, which is nothing but the instrument of analysis, as Mill in his *Logic* has sufficiently proved, never advances knowledge beyond direct intuition. It serves to clear up and render distinct the reality already intuitively revealed, but not to extend the perception of that reality. If the great men among the Scholastics have sometimes the air of teaching the contrary, it is because they are accustomed to speak of knowledge only as reduced to the form of science, that is, of knowledge in the order of reflection, not in the order of intuition. In the order of reflection, the syllogism may be said, inasmuch as it is its province to clear up and distinguish, to advance science, for knowledge is termed science only by reason of its being clear and distinct; but in the order of intuition it does not, as is evident from the fact universally conceded, that nothing can be in the conclusion which is not affirmed in the premises. There is no logic by which we can go from the known to the strictly unknown.

The conception of ourselves, as obtained by Descartes, must be considered either as psychological or as ontological, — in modern language, either as subjective or as objective. As the former, that is, reflection taking as its direct object, not the reality intuitively revealed, but the intuition itself, as a psychological fact, it is a mere sensitive affection, external or internal, and necessarily leads, if regarded as external, to the sensism of Hobbes, Locke, Condillac, Volney, Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, and Broussais; if as internal, to the sentimentalism of Hutcheson, Adam Smith, Bernardin Saint-Pierre, Madame de Staël, the Schlegels, Benjamin Constant, Jacobi and a host of Germans, men and women, too numerous to be mentioned. As the latter, which is reflection taking as its object, not the mere intuition, but the substance or being re-

vealed in it, it must take substance or being either as concrete or as abstract. If as concrete, it leads necessarily to the autotheism of Fichte, Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, and our author. The substance or being asserted is *I* or *Ego*; as analysis adds nothing to the intuitive assertion, from this it can obtain only *I* or *Ego*. Then *I* or *Ego* is all that is or exists, which is autotheism. If as abstract, as the *ens in genere* of the Abbate Rosmini, it leads necessarily to the pantheism of Spinoza, who pretends to construct all, geometrically, from the single conception of substance or being. But substance or being *in genere* is a pure abstraction, an empty word, therefore a mere nullity. From nothing, nothing can be obtained. Hence the nullism or nihilism of Hegel and his followers, and also of our author, — the last result of Cartesianism, as was already implied in its making universal doubt its point of departure.

That our author virtually reaches this sad result is evident enough from the following paragraphs :—

"I had, indeed, become really ill. But in the midst of the excitement of my physical system, this great formula seemed to be continually repeating itself:— *Life is the activity of an Efficient Cause*, LIFE IS THE ACTIVITY OF AN EFFICIENT CAUSE. I saw that I had unconsciously built up all my speculations upon the premise that I myself was *dead*: and now when the evidence to my mind was irresistible that I was *ALIVE*, an *efficient cause*, that is, a *FREE AGENT*, no one can tell how I loathed the practical conclusions of all my preceding theories.

"I expected a great deal from this formula, which thus revealed itself to me in the midst of a tumult of thought; and, verily, I was not disappointed: for, first of all, it utterly annihilated my Pantheism. I reasoned as follows :—

"I am revealed to myself, *by observation in consciousness*, as *TRANSCENDING TIME*: for I perceive the facts of my memory, and say of them, They are facts of memory, and I *contradistinguish* myself from them in consciousness, — therefore they are *not me*. I am not a fact of memory, but a living, perceiving subject. I see also the relation between these facts of memory, and call it *time*; but say, it is a relation between things which are *not me*, and, therefore, it also is *not me*. I perceive *it*, — *it is time*. Time is the relation in which the facts of memory stand to each other, and not the relation in which they stand to me. The events and their relation stand before me in the relation of *objects perceived*; but to each other they stand in the relation of *time*. To me, a transaction of ten years' date is as present as an affair of yesterday; for

if it were not thus present, I should not be able to see its relation to the affair of yesterday, affirming that it took place exactly ten years ago, all but one day. I contradistinguish myself from time, and am independent of it: nevertheless, all my acts fall in time. When I perceive, think, will, the perception, thought, volition, is an act which is an event, following some events, and preceding others; but *I*, who originate these events, remain still transcending time; for only the acts, and not the *I*, find a place in time. The *I*, therefore, is in *ETERNITY*, but *exists in time*.

"If we abstract from the soul its active existence, there will remain its essential *Being*, which is rooted in eternity, — not an eternity which is time indefinitely extended, but an eternity altogether independent of time, having nothing in common with time, for it *altogether transcends* it. It is a matter of no importance to me, if some men see fit not to understand all this; for they are unable to understand it, because they are incapable of that observation in consciousness wherein the soul perceives itself as subject, — wherein the soul perceives itself, not as thought, feeling, volition, but as the *I* which thinks, feels, and wills. I perceive myself in consciousness, not as an activity, but as the *efficient cause* which exerts an activity. I know that I shall not be annihilated when my activity ceases, but that I shall merely hold my activity *in potentia*, ready to deploy it again when the moment comes. This *I*, this *efficient cause*, this essential being of the soul, could not have been created at any former time, neither can it be annihilated at any future time, because it *is in eternity*, in an eternal now; and, if it is once, that once is eternity: there is no before or after for it.

"I perceive myself in consciousness as an efficient cause. By *efficient cause* I mean a cause which operates by virtue of efficiency *inhering in itself*, — I mean a cause which is itself the ground, origin, and reason of its own activity. Without doubt, I have a notion of *efficiency*, which notion I could have obtained from no source whatever other than the observation of the activity of my own soul. In the outward world I perceive only effects; — will any man pretend that he ever perceived an *efficient cause* in the external world? He may indeed have perceived the *operation* of such a cause, but he surely never perceived the cause itself. If I perceive the Divine activity, I perceive only the activity, and never the Efficient Cause, which is the Divine Substance. Will any one pretend that he has seen God directly? Does not the very fact of our possessing a *notion* of efficiency prove the existence of the efficiency which inheres in our own souls? But what is all this reasoning to me? After prolonged meditation, I have attained to be able to carry on investigations in my own consciousness: I am able, on rare occasions, to perceive myself directly, as an efficient cause, — as subject: and, by more extended observation, I find that nowhere else can I *directly* observe any *efficiency*." — pp. 76–80.

The author defines pantheism to be the assertion of God as the only efficient cause, and contends that he refutes it by asserting another efficient cause, namely, himself. If he does really assert another efficient cause, he certainly does refute it ; but this he does not do. It is true, he asserts himself as efficient cause, but as uncreated, independent, and eternal efficient cause ; therefore, if words have meaning, he asserts that he is himself God, which, if he recognizes other efficient causes, is polytheism ; if no other, is autotheism. But he recognizes no other efficient cause, for he says expressly, " I find that nowhere else can I directly observe any efficiency " ; that is, he has direct intuition of no efficiency but his own. Then he can obtain no other by reflection or analysis. From the fact that I am an efficient cause, I cannot conclude something else, which is not myself and of which I have no intuition, is an efficient cause. Then he must take himself as the only efficient cause. Then, since he asserts himself as uncreated, eternal, independent, and indestructible efficient cause, he asserts himself as God, and the only God, — all that is or exists. He may call this pantheism or autotheism as he will ; it makes no difference, for at bottom both are one and the same thing.

But the uncreated, eternal, and indestructible *I* or *Ego* he asserts as efficient cause is, after all, a mere abstraction, and must be so ; for, as actual, we are, in fact, subject to the accidents of space and time, — too evidently contingent for any man to assert seriously the contrary. Hence says the author, " If we abstract from the soul its active existence, there remains its essential being, which is rooted in eternity." "*This I*, this efficient cause, this *essential* being of the soul, could not have been created, neither can it be annihilated." Undeniably, then, the soul he asserts as efficient cause is not the soul as concrete existence, but the soul as abstract being. But abstract being is a nullity, and therefore the author's philosophy, which rests on it as its foundation, is, in the last analysis, nullism or nihilism.

This is where the author finds, or rather loses, himself in following Descartes, as must every man of tolerable reasoning powers who follows that psychologist, whether he takes one or the other of the two routes we have indicated ; for that sensism leads to nullism has long since been amply established. Our author, consciously or unconsciously, seeks to save himself by means of a bastard Platonism. Descartes makes ideas mere abstractions, formed by reflection operating on intuition as a

psychological fact ; according to Plato, ideas are real objects of intuition, necessary and eternal, anterior to all actual existences, the necessary and eternal forms or essences of things. The author attempts to combine both doctrines, and therefore asserts ideas as abstractions, and abstractions as real, necessary, and eternal, — the very absurdity, justly or unjustly, charged to the account of the old realists. It is neither more nor less than setting forth abstractions as real entities, and clothing the possible with the attributes of the real. This will appear if we examine the author's note H, in his Appendix.

“The affirmation that GOD CREATED THE WORLDS OUT OF NOTHING annihilates itself :

“For, if God created them out of nothing, their creation was evidently *possible* to him. This possibility existed as a necessary condition of the creation, *before the worlds were created* ; for, had the creation not been possible, it is evident that it would never have taken place. The possibility existed, therefore, in the logical order (for we have nothing to do here with chronology) prior to the creation. — This possibility was not created, but existed prior to the very first act of creation ; for, if it was created, its creation was possible, and this new possibility preceded the creation of the created possibility, else that creation could not have taken place. This possibility of a possibility, if it was created, must have been preceded by still another possibility, and thus, by continuing the hypothesis, we fall upon an infinite series, — an evident sign of the absurdity of the supposition.

“Therefore the creation of the worlds was preceded by the POSSIBILITY of that creation, and this possibility was itself uncreated.

“The very first act of the Divine Will must have been preceded by the possibility of that act, else it could not have taken place. This possibility is independent of the Divine Will, for it is anterior to the very first act of that Will, and is, indeed, that upon which the operation of the Divine Will depends.

“It is evident, therefore, that two Powers concurred in the creation of the Worlds, (1.) The Divine Will, and (2.) That which made the creation of the Worlds, and the operation of the Divine Will, *possible*.

“God, therefore, is not only the voluntary cause of the existence of the universe, he is also the eminent cause ; and he knows the things which are made, partly by perceiving them in the operations of his Will, and partly by perceiving them in Himself as eminent cause.

“The soul of man has its root of being, not in the Divine Will, but in God as eminent cause ; for the Soul, as is made evident in

the text, transcends all time so far as its essence is concerned, and therefore never began to be, and never can cease to be, — that is, it is uncreated. The *possibility* of the soul's existence is indeed that root of substance, hid in God as eminent cause, which is the essential being of the soul.

"The Divine Will depends, for its ability to operate, upon its possibility inhering in the very Being of God, and the Will of Man depends also, for *its* ability to operate, upon *its* possibility, inhering in the same Being of God: the Will of Man, therefore, having its ground and root in the soul's substance, is dependent upon the Being, but not upon the Will, of God. God sees all our actions in himself; he sees our subjective movements in himself as eminent cause, and he sees the operation of the circumstances which act upon us in his Will: and thus he sees us as free agents, beings capable of acting in opposition to his Will, — beings whose actions he cannot control by his Will, because those actions have their origin in regions of Divine Essence as ancient and as remote as is the source of the Divine Will itself: beings whose actions he cannot control by his Will, because the Will of God is subsequent in the order of nature to the sublime ground which is the spring of the activity of the human soul.

"Thus the doctrine of a creation out of nothing defeats itself; for it is equivalent to the doctrine, that all creation is effected by the leading forth of visible things, through the energy of the Divine Will, from POTENTIALITY into ACTUALITY. God brings forth, according to his Will, from potentiality into actuality, just what he pleases; but when any human soul is brought into actual relations, it acts from itself, independently of God's Will, for it acts from an origin transcending God's Will. — God may drive any human soul back into potentiality, that is, may destroy its life, but while he suffers it to live, he cannot alter its will by any direct exertion of power. If he wishes to alter its will, he must change the circumstances which surround it, or change its bodily conditions. In short, he cannot change the subjective action of the soul, and, if he wish to change its life, he must do it by changing the objective element with which it concurs, or by changing the instrument by which the concurrence is effected.

"Is this Pantheism? Nay, is it not the doctrine which truly and especially avoids all Pantheism? Atheism sinks the Will of God and the Will of Man in the movement of Destiny: Pantheism sinks Man and Nature in the Will of God: and New England Transcendentalism sinks God and Nature in Man. The true doctrine must be sought in a Synthesis of the operation of the three great Powers." — pp. 148 - 152.

Here the author with admirable gravity assures us, that "the

affirmation that God created the worlds out of nothing annihilates itself." The creation of the worlds out of nothing, he reasons, if we understand him, either was possible to God or it was not. If it was not, he could not have so created them, and the affirmation is false. If it was possible, the affirmation is still false, for their creation was then preceded by its possibility, and could have been only the bringing forth of that possibility into actuality. But, conceding the latter supposition, the conclusion does not follow. If the creation of the worlds out of nothing was not possible to God, the affirmation is false, we concede, for God cannot do what he cannot. If it was possible, — then it was not possible? Not at all. Then, by the very terms of the supposition, it was possible; therefore the affirmation may be true, and does not annihilate itself.

The author asserts the contrary, because he conceives the possibility of creation is *something*, is *res* or reality, which, since it does and must precede creation, cannot but be something uncreated, necessary, and eternal. Therefore, since creation is nothing but the reduction of possibility to actuality, creation could not have been out of nothing, but, if at all, must have been out of this very something called possibility. We grant that creation must have been possible, or it could not have been created. We grant that the possibility of creation was itself uncreated, necessary, and eternal, and yet not therefore does it follow that God could not have created the worlds out of nothing; *because this very possibility is an abstraction, and therefore in itself nothing.* Grant, then, that God creates only by reducing potentiality to actuality, nothing is granted against the affirmation; for since abstract possibility is nothing, to "bring forth from it into actuality" is precisely to create out of nothing; as the author himself not only concedes, but even asserts, when he says, as he does, that the doctrine of a creation out of nothing "is equivalent to the doctrine, that all creation is effected by the leading forth of visible things, [why not of *invisible* things also?] through the energy of the Divine Will, from potentiality into actuality." Then the leading forth from potentiality into actuality must be equivalent to creation out of nothing.

The assertion of creation out of nothing does not mean that nothing creates, or that the Creator creates his own ability to create; that is, creates himself. It is intended, on the one hand, to deny that God creates out of preëxisting matter, or that creation is merely impressing matter with form, as the Pla-

tonists maintained, and, on the other, to assert that God creates by himself alone, from his own omnipotent energy or inherent ability to create. Creation certainly implies, or rather connotes, the uncreated possibility of creation, and we readily concede that the possibility of the creation of the worlds was not created, but eternal. Thus far we have no quarrel with the author. But *the possibility of creation is the ABILITY of the Creator, and the possibility of the creation of the worlds is the eternal, underived, inherent ability of the Creator to create them*, as the author himself, apparently without being fully aware of the import of his language, asserts, when he tells us it "inheres in the very being of God." The possibility of creation inhering in the Divine Essence itself is precisely what all theologians and philosophers generally understand by the Divine ability to create. Understood in this sense, the author's reasoning amounts simply to this: The worlds could not have been created if God could not have created them, and God could not have created them if he had not been able to create them; but God was able to create them; therefore their creation was possible, and he may have created them. No Christian philosopher will find any difficulty in acceding to all this.

But, assuming the reality of abstractions, the author thinks he finds in the assertion, that the possibility of creation is itself uncreated, the assertion of a solid and indestructible basis of free agency, or the freedom and independence of the human will. The human will has the root of its activity in the soul's substance, and the soul's substance, since eternally possible, is itself eternal, uncreated, and therefore independent of the Divine Will, and therefore the human will must be independent of the Divine Will, and not controllable by it. God can neither will nor create a human soul, unless it be possible to him. The possibility, whether of an act of the Divine Will or of the creation of the human soul, is therefore anterior to either, and therefore uncreated. But this uncreated possibility inheres in the very being of God. Therefore "the Divine Will depends, for its ability to operate, upon its possibility inhering in the very being of God, and the human will depends, for *its* ability to operate, upon *its* possibility, inhering in the same being of God." Therefore the human will depends on the being, but not on the will, of God. Therefore we are free agents, and God cannot control our actions by his will, because they "have their origin in regions of Divine Essence as ancient and as remote as is the source of the Divine Will itself," "and because the

Will of God is subsequent in the order of nature to the sublime ground which is the spring of the activity of the human soul."

This discovery, like most new discoveries in the fundamental principles of philosophy, is more specious than solid. The author has evidently thought long and hard to obtain his conclusion, but that conclusion rests on the supposition, that the soul which acts is identically the uncreated, eternal soul,—that is to say, the uncreated and eternal ability of God to create the soul,—which is not true in itself, and is, moreover, contrary to the author's own doctrine. The soul that acts is the soul as "active existence"; but the soul, which the author asserts as eternal, which "could not have been created, and cannot be annihilated," is the essential soul, the soul "abstracted from its active existence," as we have already seen; that is to say, no soul at all, for abstractions are nothing. There are no abstractions in nature, or the ontological order; that is, in the order of being, of reality. But the soul, as actual or active existence, the author concedes, depends on the will of God; and since, then, it is only in the sense in which we depend on the will of God that we do or can act, it does not follow that our actions are independent of that will, and uncontrollable by it. Nay, on the author's own principles, it follows that they are controllable by it.

The author seems not to have considered, that to assert that the possibility of an existence inheres in the being of God is to assert, in regard to the existence itself, that it cannot exist without the intervention of the Divine creative act. To say that a being depends upon its possibility so inhering, is only saying that it cannot exist without God, and can be only what he has the inherent ability to make it; which is to assert its limitation, not its ability, and God's ability, not his limitation. Grant that the human soul depends upon its possibility inhering in the very being of God, what follows? Therefore the soul is eternal? Not at all; but therefore the soul is not eternal, is created, or else does not exist; because the possible does not exist till rendered actual, and to render the possible actual, the author himself tells us, is equivalent to creation out of nothing. The author has fallen into a slight mistake; he has made the soul's possibility God's inability, and the soul's want of existence its eternal and independent existence. The soul is possible in God, therefore God is unable to create it; therefore the soul is, and is eternal, capable of acting freely and independently of the Divine will. As much as to say, if the

creation of the soul is possible, it is impossible. We can hardly believe that this logic has been borrowed from Aristotle.

The author protests against pantheism, and, we doubt not, with sincerity. He wishes, we presume, to distinguish, and fully believes that he does distinguish, between the human will and the Divine. Yet his doctrine, if he excludes the Divine creative act, makes the human will, physically as well as morally, the Divine will. "The Will of Man," he says expressly, "depends, for its ability to operate, upon its possibility inhering in the very being of God." The possibility of a will inhering in the Divine Being must mean, either the ability of God to will, or his ability to create a will. If the author understands it in the latter sense, he loses his argument for the freedom of the will founded on the supposition that it is not created; if in the former sense, he makes it identically the Divine will itself, for the inherent ability to will is the will, and all that is ever meant by the will, ontologically considered. But to make the human will identically the Divine will, and on that ground to assert its freedom, is to assert its freedom by making it physically the will of God, and annihilating it as human, — pure pantheism. Divest us of the substantive force that wills, and restore it to God, and what remains to be called *we*? It is not a little surprising that the author did not see this, for he is very careful to tell us that the Divine will and the human will are alike dependent, and in the same sense dependent, upon their respective possibilities inhering in the very being of God; and it is on the ground that they are so dependent, and that the activity of each is the inherent activity of the same Divine Essence, that he asserts one is independent of the other. But if so dependent, either both are the will of God, and then identical, or neither is. The author's mathematics should have taught him, that two things respectively equal to a third are equal to one another.

It is not difficult to seize the truth the author has in his mind, and which, interpreted by his doctrine that abstractions are real, may well seem to support his conclusion. "God," he says, "brings forth, according to his Will, from potentiality into actuality, just what he pleases; but when any human soul *is* brought into actual relations, it acts from itself, independently of God's Will, for it acts from an origin transcending God's Will. — God may drive any human soul back into potentiality, that is, may destroy its life, but while he suffers it to live,

he cannot alter its will by any direct [how any more by *indirect*?] exertion of power." It is easy to see what the author is driving at, though he does not appear to have very distinctly apprehended it, and he is far from expressing it correctly. What he wishes to say appears to us very briefly and very accurately expressed by Vasquez :* — *Essentiæ rerum ordine rationis sunt ante omnem Dei scientiam et voluntatem : quare licet possit cuilibet rei tribuere, aut non tribuere existentiam, non potest illius naturam intrinsicus immutare.* "The essences of things, in the order of reason, are before all science and will of God ; and hence, though God may or may not give existence to any thing he pleases, he cannot intrinsically change its nature." There is evidently what the author has in view. The essences of things are what are also called the possibilities, forms, or ideas of things, and being prior, in the order of reason,—not, by the way, in the order of nature,—to the science and the will of God, are uncreated, therefore necessary and eternal. God may or may not endow them with existence, bring them forth into actuality, actualize them, as he pleases, but if he wills to actualize or render actually existent any one of them, he must conform to its intrinsic nature. Thus, if he choose to actualize the *man-idea*, to clothe it with actual existence, he must do so without altering, or in any respect impairing, the intrinsic nature of that idea,—what our author calls the possibility of a human soul. Hence, by virtue of this necessary and eternal *man-idea*,—our possibility inhering in the very being of God,—we are rendered, as actual existences, free agents, and our actions are independent of the will of God. This is really the process, we suppose, by which the author obtains his startling conclusion. But his conclusion is invalid, because it is obtained only by reasoning *a posse ad esse*, which the logicians tell us is not allowable. We act not as possible, but as actual existences, and we cannot conclude what we actually are from what it was possible for God to make us. Before we can assert *what* we are, we must know, not only that God has actualized *an* idea, but *what* idea he has actualized in creating us. If the idea is that of free agents, or existences capable of free will, then we may say, God must, *necessitate a suppositione*, as it is called, treat us as such, because he cannot both do and not do the same thing at the same time ; but not otherwise. The

* Apud Perrone, *De Deo*, Part II. Cap. 1, note.

error of the author is not in asserting that we are free agents, and that God cannot, while he suffers us to live, make us any thing else, for that is a fact; but in concluding our free agency, not from *the* idea of the existence which we are, but from the fact that our existence is the actualization of *an* idea. This cannot be done, for, since every existence is the actualization of *some* idea, it would imply that all existences have free will, and that minerals, plants, and animals have free will as well as men; which would destroy the author's notion of Destiny, compel him to abate one of the three great powers he supposes to concur in the movement and government of things, thus razing the ontological basis of his three grand epochs, and oblige him to a very essential modification of the mysterious figure poised on three forces coalescing in their action, which adorns his title-page, and is, we presume, emblematical of his theory of God, man, and nature. Besides, it would limit the Divine omnipotence, deny to God the power to create different orders of existence, resolve all genera and species into one, and bring us back by another route — the ordinary route of American Transcendentalists — once more to pantheism.

The author obtains his conclusion from the assumption, that ideas, genera, and species, regarded in themselves, abstracted from the existences in which they are concentered, are active, causative, not merely *causæ essentielles*, but *causæ efficientes*. This is a most grave error, and yet it is not peculiar to the author. It is the common error of all who assert the reality of abstractions. We ourselves fell into it in the essays we have referred to, and which we wish to be considered as retracting. Leroux avowedly asserts it, and it is fundamental in nearly all the humanistic theories of the day, — theories which glorify humanity at the expense of individuals, and absorb the individual in the race. Even Cousin, who should have escaped it, expressly teaches it, and makes it the principle of the solution of the problem proposed by Porphyry, and so furiously debated by the Scholastics.* But the idea is the mere possibility of existence, and it is a contradiction in terms to assert that the possible is active. Only the actual is active. All reality is, no doubt, in a certain manner, active; and this fact, since ideas are real, is what misled us, and, we presume, is that which has misled others. Ideas are certainly real, and in some sense active; but their activity is not the activity of the

* *Fragments Philosophiques: Philosophie Scholastique*, edit. 2e. Paris. 1840.

things of which they are the ideas or the necessary and eternal forms, but of the Divine Intelligence or Reason, in which they are real. If the ideas are considered as concentered in existences, the activity is the activity of the existences themselves; if they are considered as not so concentered, yet as real, the activity is the activity of the Divine mind which contains them, and is the power to concenter or actualize them.

The author's errors seem to us to result solely from his attempt, consciously or unconsciously made, to combine Cartesianism and Platonism in a single doctrine, and will vanish of themselves, if he will just bear in mind that ideas, the forms, essences, or possibilities of things, are before the science and will of God only in the order of reflection, not in the order of being, and that they are God himself, infinite in number, indeed, if regarded in relation to the effects which God is able to produce, but regarded in relation to his ability one only, and identically his own real, necessary, and eternal being. It is in regard to these two points that modern philosophy is principally at fault. Let it once be set right as to these, and its other errors, so far as of grave magnitude, will fall of themselves.

The author confounds the order of reflection with the order of being. If he had not been betrayed by the prevailing psychologism of the age, he would hardly have done this, for his own genius is philosophical rather than psychological. His mistake arises from not distinguishing between reflection and intuition. The Scholastics are aware of the distinction, and presuppose it, but we rarely find them treating it *ex professo*. Cousin and the modern Germans have, indeed, distinguished between reflection and spontaneity, which would virtually be the true distinction, if they did not contrive to identify the intellect and its object, the *vis intellectiva*, with the *intelligibile*, sometimes making both human, sometimes both Divine. Cousin comes nearer than most others to the truth, but misses it, in consequence of supposing that method must take precedence of principles; that it is by method we obtain the principles of philosophy, and not that it is the principles that precede and determine the method. He has been misled by Descartes, who makes the consideration of method precede that of principles, whereas method is nothing but the application of principles, and necessarily presupposes them. It does not obtain or discover principles, it merely applies them to the solution of special problems. The principles must precede, and be given

a priori, or no practical application of method is possible. Cousin has virtually acknowledged this, but he has still supposed that it is our reason, not, indeed, in its reflective, but in its spontaneous movement, that supplies or discovers and affirms them; which is to suppose that reason can operate without them, that the intellect can act without the intelligible! Every act of intellect is an intellection; and so there can be intellection in which nothing is understood, or known, — a sheer contradiction in terms. Here is his mistake. The principles are necessary to constitute the intellect, intellect *in actu*, and the understanding cannot operate at all without the intelligible object. Consequently, as destitute of the intelligible, it cannot go forth, either spontaneously or at the command of the will, to seek the intelligible, the principles, which method is subsequently to apply. The principles are not and cannot be sought, for the mind without them is incapable of action, and therefore incapable of seeking. Hence it is never *we* who seek or who find them, but *they* who find us, reveal and self-affirm themselves in direct intuition. It is they that affirm themselves, not we who affirm them; and they affirm themselves in affirming their own intelligibility, for what is not is not intelligible, and therefore no object of intuition. Here is what Reid has attempted to state, in his doctrine of the constituent principles of human belief, but which he has failed to state in its true philosophical light, with scientific precision.

The philosopher and the psychologist, or rather psychologue, both depend alike on intuitions for the intelligible, and both do and must work with and on materials supplied by them, and have and can have no materials not so supplied. Thus far, both agree. But the philosopher proceeds to construct his philosophy ontologically, as we say, that is, by *contemplation* of the being, reality, or objects revealed and self-affirmed in the intuitions; while the psychologue proceeds to construct philosophy psychologically, that is, by *reflection* on the intuitions themselves, taken as mere psychological facts or phenomena. As the idea is that which is primarily and immediately intelligible, and that by whose intelligibility all else is intelligible, and as the idea which is obtained by reflection operating upon mere psychological phenomena is and can be only an abstract idea, the psychologue is compelled to place the abstract before the concrete, the possible before the real, which, transferred to theology, asserts the Divine essence before the Divine *esse*, and the Divine *esse* before the Divine

attributes. But this, as we have seen, leads necessarily to skepticism and nihilism, because there are no abstractions in the order of reality, — because an abstract idea is a mere nullity. To place the abstract before the concrete, the possible before the real, is to place nullity for the starting-point; and he who starts from nothing will have to travel a long way before he arrives at something. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.* Either, then, for result, nihilism, or we must start with reality. If we start with reality, God must be conceived primarily as real being, and then we cannot conceive his essence as prior to his *esse*, or his *esse* as prior to his attributes.

If the author had paused a moment to compel modern psychologism to give an account of itself, he could hardly have failed to perceive, that to suppose the possible precedes the real, the abstract the concrete, is as false psychologically as it is ontologically. The conception of essence as prior to being, or being as prior to its attributes, is a mere abstraction, and like all abstractions is the product of reflection operating on conceptions. But if the product of reflection, it cannot be psychologically primary. Certainly, men do not begin with reflection, that is, *re-think* before they think. In the order of knowledge, the abstract must be subsequent to the concrete, precisely because reflection must always be subsequent to intuition; for it is formed by reflection operating on intuition, and only the concrete is revealed in the intuition, since what is not is no object of intuition. Neither ontologically nor psychologically, neither in the order of being nor in the order of knowledge, therefore, is the abstract prior to the concrete, the possible to the real, the essence to the subsisting being, or the being to the attributes of God. Then no potentiality in God; then God is pure act, *actus purissimus*, and then in his nature simple, *simplicissimus*, — a fact our author denies, but which he cannot deny without assuming a principle of reasoning false in itself, and involving absolute and universal negation.*

* Certainly, in asserting that the order of knowledge follows and reproduces the order of being, we do not intend to deny the *distinctio rationis* asserted by our theologians, and which we could not deny without falling into the error or heresy of the old Aëtians and Eunomians. But this distinction — the *distinctio rationis ratiocinatae*, for the *distinctio rationis ratiocinantis* presents no difficulty — does not of itself imply any difference between the order of knowing and the order of being; it merely implies the inadequacy of our knowledge, — not that we know reality in an order not real, but that we do not know all reality, and are not able to embrace even what we do know in a single conception. Owing to the

The author, not fully comprehending this, fails to perceive, though he virtually asserts it, that ideas, the essences, forms, or possibilities of things, are God. He asserts, and very properly, that the possible, that is, the *idea*, in the sense of Plato, — the only sense in which we use the word in this article, — inheres in the very being of God, and therefore, if God is pure act, as we have just proved, both ontologically and psychologically, must be God himself. This is the doctrine of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura, and, indeed, of all great philosophers in all ages. Ideas, the necessary and eternal forms of things, genera and species, universals, or *essentiæ rerum metaphysicæ*, as they are sometimes denominated, — possibilities of things, in the terminology of our author, — are not mere words, as Roscelin and the nominalists pretend; are not pure conceptions, as Abelard and Descartes would persuade us; are not mere subjective forms of the understanding, as Kant teaches; are not entities, as the old realists are said to have maintained; are not innate ideas originally inserted in the soul, as Henry Moore, Cudworth, Descartes (!), Leibnitz, and some Catholic theologians, allege; nor are they concep-

infinity of God and our finiteness, we are obliged to conceive what is revealed to us of God, whether naturally or supernaturally revealed, in separate and successive conceptions; and hence, when we wish to reduce it to the forms of reflective science, we are obliged to treat the essence of God as if it preceded his *esse*, his *esse* as if it preceded his attributes, and his attributes as if distinguished from and following one another. That some of the Schoolmen, especially the Scotists, have introduced distinctions uncalled for, and which have given rise to much unsound theology, and still more unsound philosophy, is very possible, and, in our judgment, very true; but that the distinction in question is allowable and necessary cannot be denied. That our theologians do not understand it as implying any difference between the order of knowledge and the order of being is evident from their efforts to show that it is founded in reality, — that it is *eminently* or virtually contained in God, in the respect that there is in him what is equivalent and more than equivalent to all that we embrace in our separate and successive conceptions. In conceiving God distinctly as Being, Truth, Intelligence, Wisdom, Goodness, &c., we ascribe to him nothing that he is not; and though he is all these at once in their indissoluble unity and indistinguishable simplicity, the distinctions admitted do not falsify our knowledge, for they are privative, not positive, and suppose, not that we add what is not, but that we fail to embrace in our conceptions all that is, in the Divine Being. The distinction asserts a defect in our knowledge, — not that it is not true, as far as it goes, but that it is inadequate; and a similar defect in our knowledge is universal, for always above what is intelligible to us rises that which is superintelligible to us, indicating that reality is infinite, and proving that finite intellects do not and cannot comprehend it.

tions *cum fundamento in re*, as we ourselves at one time tried to hold; but they are in the Divine mind, and are the real, necessary, eternal, and indestructible God himself. *Idea in Deo nihil est aliud quam Dei essentia*, says St. Thomas.* Therefore it is God, for no distinction *secundum rem* is admissible between God and his essence. “*Sunt ideæ*,” says St. Augustine, “*principales formæ quædam, vel rationes rerum stabiles atque incommutabiles, quæ ipsæ formatae non sunt, ac per hoc æternæ ac semper eodem modo sese habentes, quæ in divina intelligentia continentur. Et cum ipsæ neque oriantur neque intereant; secundum eas tamen formari dicitur omne quod oriri et interire potest, et omne quod oritur et interit.*”† If contained in the Divine mind, if eternal and immutable, neither beginning nor passing away, but the forms of all things which may be or are originated, that may or do perish, they are unquestionably the necessary, eternal, immutable, and immovable God himself, in the infinite plenitude of his being; for certainly God is all that is uncreated, necessary, immutable, and eternal, as all theology and all philosophy never cease to assert. The necessary, immutable, and eternal, abstracted from reality, from real being, who is it, is necessary, immutable, and eternal nothing, and therefore absolutely unintelligible; for we never cease to repeat, that what is not is not intelligible. What is not is a pure negation, and negation is intelligible only in the intelligibleness of the affirmative, and hence God is said to know evil only by knowing its opposite, good. Necessary and eternal possibility is intelligible only as the necessary and eternal ability of God, that is, as his Divine omnipotence. We may consider the idea under the distinct aspect of possibility in the order of production, and then it is simply the power or ability of God; under that of exemplar or archetype, after which the Creator operates or may operate, and then it is the intelligence of God; under that of the end, the *finis propter quem*, of the Divine operations, and then it is the goodness, *bonitas*, of God; or, in fine, under that of the essence of things, the *causa essentialis*, the basis, so to speak, or foundation of existence, and then it is the being of God. But as power, intelligence, goodness, being, &c., are identical and indistinguishable in God, the idea, under whatever aspect it is revealed to us, or is contem-

* *Summa*, 1. Q. 15, a. 1 ad 3.

† *Lib. de Diversis Quæstionibus* LXXXIII. Quæst. 46.

plated by us, is always and everywhere identically the one God, real, necessary, and eternal.

But if so, is not God all things, the universe itself? *Mediante* the creative act, yes, otherwise no; because, conceived simply as real, necessary, and eternal Being, *Ens reale, et necessarium*, he is not conceived as productive, and no universe is or can be asserted. The difference between philosophy and pantheism lies precisely in this creative act of God. Pantheism asserts, Real being is, *Ens reale est*, and there stops, and in doing so asserts God as real and necessary being, and nothing else. Philosophy goes a step farther, and asserts, *Ens reale creator est*, Real being is creator, and in doing so asserts the universe; for existences are nothing but the creative act of God in its terminus, as is asserted in asserting creation out of nothing. The difference between the two formulas, however slight at first view, is all the difference between act and no act, between existences and no existences, universe and no universe. To say that God *non mediante* the creative act is the universe, is not true, for then there is no universe; to say that God *mediante* the creative act is all things, is the universe, is true; for then the universe is not only asserted, but asserted in its true relation to God, as being only from him, by him, and in him, through the creative act bringing it, as our author would say, forth from potentiality into actuality. There is no possible bridge from God as real and necessary being to existences, or from existences to him, but his creative act, and therefore we must either rest in pantheism, or assert creation out of nothing.

But it follows from what we have said, that the formula, Real and necessary being is, *Ens reale est*, which is ontologically and psychologically primary, is not an *adequate* philosophical formula. We cannot attain to the conception of existences from the conception of being, or being is, any more than we can attain to the conception of God and the universe from the single conception of ourselves as simple entity. The simple formula, *Ens reale est*, Real entity is, is and must be unproductive, because from Real entity is, we can conclude only Real entity is. Being is intelligible of itself, and demands nothing in addition to itself to its intelligibility, as Hegel and others prove clearly enough. It does not depend on another to be, for if it did it would not be simple *being*, but an *existence*; it does not need to produce in order to be, for it already *is*. It is being free from the category of relation of every sort, and it

is only the category of relation of some sort that demands or connotes something beyond itself. It is what is called *substance*, and needs nothing beyond itself for its complete intelligibility, or, as Spinoza says, to be conceived. Unless, then, we can add to it the further conception of cause, of creator, it can be no more productive in the order of knowledge than in the order of being itself. Cousin has felt the difficulty, and has sought to escape it by resolving the category of being into that of cause, and the category of cause into that of being, and asserting that God is being only in that he is cause, thus making creation an intrinsic necessity, which, as it denies the free creative act, is pantheism. The Germans, falsely holding, that Being is, is an adequate philosophical formula, fail utterly, as all who are familiar with their theories well know, to attain to the real conception of existences, and revolve unceasingly in dead pantheism or nihilism. The error common to all is that of supposing that all conceptions are generable and generated from a single original conception. This is the grand error of modern philosophy itself, and that which has led it to attempt, first, with Descartes, that prince of psychologism and absurdity, to deduce geometrically all our conceptions from the single conception of our personal entity, and second, with Spinoza, Schelling, and Hegel, to do the same from the conception of what they call the Absolute, — Absolute Being, that is, simple *ens reale*. Some few, like Cousin and our friend Channing, following the neoplatonists, and misapprehending the sacred mystery of the Trinity, introduce plurality and variety into their original conception of God, the first cause; but they obtain no relief, for they lose unity, dissolve the absolute, and assert the generative principle either of polytheism or of atheism.

The remedy is in supplying the defect in our formula, and rendering it productive. The productive formula must embrace the two conceptions entity and existence, connected by the creative act, the copula or medium between the two extremes. That is, the only adequate or productive formula is the synthesis or synthetic judgment, *Ens reale creator est*, or Being creates existences, because it is only *mediante* the creative act that real being is itself productive, and a formula cannot be productive in the order of knowledge unless it includes all the terms necessary to productiveness in the order of being, or ontological order. The error of modern philosophers does not lie in the denial of the necessity of having this

synthetic formula, so much as in attempting to obtain it by reflection, as if reflection could add something to intuition, or operate productively before having obtained a productive formula,—in principle nothing less than supposing that the Creator creates his own creativeness, that is, creates himself. The synthesis must precede all our judgments *a posteriori*, because without it no judgment is possible, except the simple judgment Being is, which is not *a posteriori*, but *a priori*, for he who says *Being* says all he says who says Being is. It is possible, then, to obtain this synthesis, the adequate philosophical formula, only as it reveals and affirms itself *a priori* in direct and immediate intuition, in which we ourselves are but simple spectators; and that it does so reveal and affirm itself is certain; for after the labors of Reid and the Scottish school, especially as that school has been developed by Sir William Hamilton, we are well permitted to assert, that we have direct intuition, not only of phenomena, but of existences themselves; and existences, as we have seen, are and can be nothing but the Divine creative act, which, as what is called conservation of existences is nothing but the very act, unsuspended, that originally created them out of nothing, is constantly before our eyes in the simple fact of existence itself. As this synthesis reveals and affirms itself *a priori* in immediate intuition, it is and cannot but be certain, both ontologically and psychologically, *secundum rem* and *secundum nos*. Here is the principle of the solution, which, for the want of space, we must leave to our readers to develop for themselves.*

* Consult on the philosophical formula, or "Ideal Formula," Gioberti, *Introduzione allo Studio della Filosofia*, Cap. IV. It is with some hesitation that we refer our readers to this work, because its author is in bad odor, and also because, though we have commenced the examination of it, we have as yet proceeded but a little way, and are far from having mastered it. We certainly do not refer to him as in himself authority, although his ability is unquestionable, nor as to a writer whose works can be safely consulted without great caution; but on the point on which we refer to him, he is more full and satisfactory than any other writer, ancient or modern, of our acquaintance. We cannot say that we have been absolutely indebted to him for any of the views set forth in the text, for we had obtained them, substantially, before we had the least knowledge of his writings or of his doctrines; but it would be folly on our part, and injustice to him and the public, to attempt to dissemble that he has greatly aided us to clear up our previous views, and on several not unimportant points to extend them. In his hostility to the Jesuits, we have no occasion to inform the readers of this journal that we neither do nor are likely to share, and we rejoice to hear that his *Gesuita Moderno* has

Keeping in mind what we have established, that the idea, the ideal, in modern language, whether under the aspect of intelligibility, of wisdom, goodness, power, immutability, being, is God himself, the apparent limitation of the Divine freedom the author fancies he detects can present no difficulty. Grant that the idea is uncreated, necessary, eternal,—grant that God in producing existences operates, and can operate, so to speak, only after the idea, and must conform to its intrinsic nature,—nothing is granted but that God, in creating, must create according to his *own* intrinsic nature, and can neither in creating nor in dealing with existences do violence to himself. That is, God is what he is, and cannot be any thing else,—is God and cannot cease to be God,—*is*, and cannot annihilate himself. As the only necessity supposed or supposable is his own most perfect nature, he is necessarily free to do whatever is not repugnant to that nature, that is, which would not imply his non-being; for since he is pure act, and most simple, any thing repugnant to his wisdom, intelligence, goodness, or any other attribute, would be repugnant to his very being, and imply his annihilation. But this is no restriction of his freedom, for freedom is in being, not in not being, and is restricted only by some defect in the being of whom it is predicated, never by that being's own perfection or plenitude. To say that God is free to do whatever he pleases, except annihilate himself, since the exception results from the perfection, not from the defect, of his nature, is to assert his absolute freedom; for freedom to do whatever does not imply the non-being of its possessor, *and therefore the annihilation of itself*, is the highest and most perfect freedom conceivable. The *Arbitrium Liberum*, as possessed by us, in the sense that it demands deliberation, is, of course, not predicable of God, for in that sense it implies defect; but in the sense in which it is a positive perfection, it is implied in

been placed on the *Index*. In the work to which we refer, we find many things, not immediately connected with philosophy, things affecting him as a man, a statesman, and an Italian patriot, which commend themselves neither to our judgment nor to our taste. We by no means participate in his political passions or his national prejudices; we do not expect with him to see the Church Triumphant on earth, and we wholly dissent from his doctrine that the state, instead of the Church, is the proper school-master. In a word, in those of his writings we have read, we find not a little extraneous matter that we do not like, and much, if not unsound, that is easily misapprehended, and not inapt to lead to dangerous errors; but we have, in what pertains exclusively to philosophy, found much that we most heartily approve, and which, in our age especially, needs to be profoundly meditated.

the freedom we have just asserted, and must be predicable of God as most perfect being. Then since God is pure act, and no distinction *secundum rem* is admissible in the Divine nature, God must be intrinsically *Arbitrium Liberum*, and therefore whatever he does must, from the very perfection of his nature, be done by free-will. Consequently, the Divine operations are and can be subjected to no necessity but the necessity *ex suppositione*, that is, the necessity which compels you, if you suppose a thing is, to suppose it is, or that compels us to say, What is is, and cannot *not* be without ceasing to be.

But we have dwelt longer than we intended on the author's note. We return to his text. We regret that our limits compel us to leave many things unnoticed which we should be glad to consider. The author goes into a long argument, in which he attempts to deduce from his primary conception of himself as efficient cause another conception of himself as *relative* efficient cause, and then from himself as *relative* efficient cause to conclude God as *absolute* efficient cause. We can only cite his summing up of his argument:—

"I have reproduced this argument as well as I could, for it passed through my mind so rapidly that I was not conscious of the steps. But all this reasoning is to no purpose. The following proposition and conclusion, if rightly considered, are self-evident:—

"If there were no ABSOLUTE EFFICIENT CAUSE, there could be no RELATIVE EFFICIENT CAUSES: but there are RELATIVE EFFICIENT CAUSES, therefore, the ABSOLUTE EFFICIENT CAUSE IS.

"The necessary corollary followed at once:—

"But every efficient cause is ALIVE, therefore the ABSOLUTE EFFICIENT CAUSE IS ALIVE. I believe, therefore, in the LIVING God."— pp. 99, 100.

The argument here is, substantially, the ordinary argument *a posteriori* of philosophers and natural theologians. As an explicative or interpretative argument addressed to believers, or even to those who through mental confusion occasioned by false science fancy themselves atheists, it certainly has its value, and a very high value; but as an argument addressed to those supposed *really* to doubt that God is, it does not appear to us to be properly an argument at all, for it contains no genuine illation. "If there were no absolute efficient cause, there could be no relative efficient causes." Nothing in the world more true. So if there were no relative efficient causes, there could be no absolute efficient cause. The argument rests on the supposi-

tion, allowable or not, that absolute and relative are correlatives, and that one cannot be without the other. But if the absolute and relative are correlatives, and cannot be, one without the other, how can you know one without knowing the other? Correlatives do not *imply*, they *connote*, one the other. The assertion of one is then the assertion of both, and the doubt of one is the doubt of both. If, then, you place, as you necessarily do in the argument, the absolute in question, you place the relative equally in question, and how then can you obtain your conclusion without begging the question?

“But there are relative efficient causes.” We do not doubt it; but how do you know it? You either do know it, or you do not. If you do not, you are not entitled to your conclusion, “the absolute efficient cause is.” If you do, you know it either immediately, by intuition, or mediately, by discursion. If the former, you have intuition of *relation*, then of the absolute, for relation without the *related*, the two terms of the comparison, is an abstraction, a nullity, and therefore no object of intuition. If you have intuition of the absolute, you know it immediately, and therefore do not conclude it. If you say the latter, that you know the relative mediately, by discursion, you must then have some *datum* intuitively revealed from which you can conclude it. Whatever is intuitively revealed must be revealed either as simple entity or being, or as entity or being under the category of relation of some sort. The supposition itself excludes the latter; therefore nothing remains but the former, that is to say, pure, unrelated being, simple, naked entity. But pure being, simple entity, is already absolute, and if you assume that you can derive the relative from it, your argument is a *vicious* circle, for you take the absolute to prove the relative, and then the relative to prove the absolute.

But the grand difficulty is, that you cannot conclude the relative from simple entity or being. This is what we have all along insisted upon. Have we not already shown that the simple formula, Entity is, is unproductive, and that, torture it as you will, you can get from it only Entity is? The conception of relation is neither generated nor generable from simple entity. We grant you have the intuition of being, of entity, and that this intuition contains a judgment *a priori*, namely, Entity or being is. But, if this is the whole of the intuition, how without a further intuition are you to get beyond it, or to add to it? Conceptions without intuition, remember, Kant

has for ever settled, are empty, and of no value.* As entity you know it, but, by the very supposition, you do not know it under any relation, positive or negative, of time, place, or position, of quantity or quality, of cause or effect, of habit, action, or passion. All you can say of it is, *It is*. Term it in conception God, and you are a pantheist; term it yourself, and you are an autotheist; term it nature, and you are an atheist.

Here is seen the folly of Descartes, who pretends to deduce God and the universe from *sum, I am*; but from the simple intuition *I am*, only *I am* is attainable. The author very properly adds, *I am efficient cause*, but from *I am efficient cause*, nothing follows but *I* and my effects. From *I* and my effects, *I* can conclude only my relation to my effects and theirs to me; not that *I* am myself an effect, a creature, related to an efficient cause which *I* am not. Nor can *I* infer that *I* am a relative, dependent cause from the external causes which, in point of fact, limit and not unfrequently thwart my causality; for with only the intuition, *I am efficient cause*, these really external causes, as the Idealists amply prove, are to me only sensitive affections, only myself, and therefore warrant no conclusion beyond myself. That *I* am a relative efficient cause cannot then be concluded from sensible impressions, nor from the intuition of myself as efficient cause. Then either *I* cannot conceive myself as *relative* efficient cause, or *I* have direct intuition of myself as *relative* efficient cause. But the *relative* connotes the *absolute*. Therefore, to have intuition of myself as *relative*, as an effect, as a creature, is also to have intuition of the other term of the comparison, that is, of the *absolute*, the creator, God.

The patrons of the argument *a posteriori* do not deny, they in reality assume, what we maintain, — that we have direct intuition of ourselves and external objects, as *relative*, as effects, as creatures, or existences; but they assume that, while we know them immediately, we know God only mediately, as implied in them, and logically concluded from them, and therefore that they are more evident to us than he. They are, probably, led to make this assumption from mistaking sensible for intelligible intuition, or, at least, from regarding the sensible object as more evident than the intelligible. Certainly, we have no sensible intuition of God, and if we have sensible in-

* Thus far Kant was right; his error was in denying intelligible, and admitting only sensible intuition.

tuition of existences, it must be conceded that they are in the sensible order more evident than the Creator; and this, we suppose, is what St. Thomas means, when he says the effect is more evident *quoad nos* than the cause. But it must be borne in mind, that, without the intelligible, the sensible is not, or at least only a sensitive affection, from which nothing is concludable, as we have already shown : and, moreover, the effect in its character of *effect*, the character in which it must be asserted, if any thing is to be concluded from it, is no more a sensible intuition than the cause. The effect as external object strikes the senses, but as effect it does not. The relation of effect belongs as much to the intelligible order as does the relation of cause ; for it is only the same relation viewed from its terminus *ad quem*, instead of its terminus *a quo*. The greater or less degree of evidence predicated or predicable of either must be in the same order, and, as the cause is confessedly in the intelligible order, the only evidence of the effect that can be any thing to the purpose must be also in the intelligible order. We therefore deny the assumption, for we deny that we can have immediate intuition of existences as existences without immediate intuition of God. What is not is not intelligible, and what is not intelligible cannot be known. Existences, therefore, cannot be immediately revealed to us in intuition without God, for without him they are unintelligible, and unintelligible because without him they are not existences, that is, do not exist. To suppose a thing intelligible without that by which it exists, is only supposing that it can be intelligible without being. Knowledge, from the very fact that what is not is not intelligible, must follow the order of being. Then, as existences in the order of being are not and cannot be without God, it follows that they cannot be without him in the order of knowledge. Then they cannot be more evident to us than God ; for certainly a thing can never be more evident to us than that by which it is evident, and without which it would be totally inevident.

The *a priori* argument, sometimes resorted to, is even less of an argument, if possible, than the argument *a posteriori*, because its pretension is to demonstrate God from necessary and eternal principles, and necessary and eternal principles are God already, as we have shown in showing that the idea is God. Indeed, we are unable to conceive the possibility of constructing an argument to prove that God is, which does not assume that he is, both as its necessary conditions and principle. From sensibles alone we can conclude nothing, because they have in

themselves no *nexus*, as Hume has clearly demonstrated, that binds them to the necessary. The intelligible must supply the *nexus*, before we can begin to frame our argument, and the intelligible is the idea, and the idea is God. In every argument, the major term must be more general in its order than the conclusion, or nothing is concluded. But in no order, not even in that of knowledge, as we have just proved, is there any thing conceivable more general than God. *Ex ipso, et per ipsum, et in ipso sunt omnia*, says the inspired Apostle, and it must be so, if God is at all. How, then, frame an argument to conclude him, that does not assume him as its condition and principle? A God that could be concluded by an argument would, it strikes us, by that fact alone, be proved to be not the true God; for if he could be concluded, it would at least follow that something can be known without knowing him, and then that something can be without him, and if something can be without him, his very being is denied.

But this inability, in the ordinary sense of the words, to demonstrate that God is, should rather rejoice than alarm us, for it proceeds from the perfection of our evidence that he is, not from its defect. We cannot prove that God is, for we have nothing more evident, *secundum rem* or *secundum nos*, than he with which to prove that he is. He is QUI EST, He who is, and from whom, and by whom, and in whom are all things, and therefore by and in whose intelligibility all things are intelligible. He is the Being of beings, himself intelligible, and the principle of all intelligibleness; himself evident, and the principle of all evidence; himself certain, and the principle of all certitude and of all certainty. What more can be asked? He is light, the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. Is the light less evident than that which it enlighteneth? Is it the object enlightened that affirms the light, or is it the light that affirms the object, and in affirming it affirms itself? No, we have erred. It is not we who make God, but God who has made us. It is not we nor creation that affirm God, but it is God who affirms himself, in direct intuition, and the heavens and the earth, the sea and the land, all creatures great and small, catch the Divine affirmation, and echo and reëcho it to every intelligence.

It is a great mistake to suppose that God may be placed in question. It is this mistake that has created the embarrassments from which we find it so difficult to extricate ourselves. It is agreed on all hands, that God, if at all, is real and necessary

Being, — *Ens reale et necessarium*, — and the characteristic of the necessary is that the contrary cannot be thought. But to place God in question is to concede that the contrary can be thought. To proceed in the face of this concession to prove that God is, can be only proceeding to prove impossible what we concede to be possible. *Ex Deo, et per Deo, et in Deo sunt omnia*. Therefore, to place God in question is to place all things in question, and then nothing that is not conceded to be doubtful remains from which to construct an argument. From doubtful premises we can obtain only a doubtful conclusion. The moment you concede that God is doubtful, you concede universal doubt, and that certainty is unattainable. Here, again, is the condemnation of Descartes, who makes the assumption, that all things are doubtful, or that nothing is certain, or to be accepted as certain, till demonstrated, the necessary point of departure of philosophy. But if we start with the assumption, that nothing is certain, how are we ever to arrive at certainty? If all things can be thought as uncertain, what is there that can be thought as certain? If all things cannot be thought as uncertain, the Cartesian doubt is impracticable, and Cartesianism proposes to arrive at truth by starting with a stupendous falsehood. Yet Descartes had some reputation in his day, and his method is still that of the majority of modern philosophers. For ourselves, we reject the Cartesian method as unphilosophical, absurd, impossible, and impious. The fool, no doubt, has said in his heart, God is not, — *Dixit insipiens in corde suo: Non est Deus*, — but has only evinced his folly; for it is only by intuition of God that he is able to give a meaning to his words, since negation is intelligible only by virtue of the positive. The words “God is not” are universal negation, but universal negation is absolutely unintelligible, and consequently, if nothing is, nothing can be denied; that is, unless something is, it is impossible to make a denial, and if something is, God is. Well, then, does the Holy Ghost say it is the fool who says in his heart, “God is not.”

We deny not that there have been persons — may God in his great mercy pardon us, for we were ourselves during a brief period of the number — who persuade themselves that they doubt the Divine Being. And we certainly have encountered theories, ancient and modern, sometimes under the name of philosophy, and sometimes under the name of religion, which are explicitly atheism, or which necessarily, if pushed to their logical consequences, lead to atheism; nevertheless, we maintain that no man ever did, ever will, or ever can really doubt that God is. Athe-

ist, or what passes for atheism, is rarely the vice of the unlettered and simple, but nearly always of the refined, the voluptuous, and the speculative, and is cherished, not because there is no conviction that God is, but because that conviction condemns both the practice and the speculations which atheism favors. It is not that the light does not shine, but those people resolutely refuse to let it illuminate them because their deeds are evil, or, at least, deeds that will not bear the light. Mere practical atheists, that is, those who conduct themselves as if there were no God, present no difficulty; for it is evident that their conduct necessarily implies nothing more than the inactivity, not the total absence, of belief. The so-called intellectual atheists are persons of a speculative turn of mind, and invariably take as the object of reflection, not the reality revealed in their intuitions, but their intuitions themselves, as mere psychological facts. They thus lose sight, *in the reflective order*, of the reality intuitively revealed, and build up a theory which excludes God. God not being included in their theories, they cannot believe in him theoretically, and therefore conclude they ought not to believe, do not, and cannot believe, in him at all. They are thus in will and in reflection really atheists. Nevertheless, the light, though they comprehend it not in their theories, continues to shine in their darkness; their intuitions remain, but they treat them with contempt, will not hear to them, because they see clearly, that, were they to do so, their theories would fade away as the shades of night before the rising sun. It is not that they lack conviction, but that, puffed up with the pride of intellect, and confused by false science, they stifle it, — pretending that it is the creation of fear, of habit, or of early education. Their cure is not to be effected by syllogisms, or mere reasoning. Their disease lies in the fact, that they close, instead of opening, their hearts to the truth. Take a man brought up in their school, who has all his life been poring over dry psychological conceptions, and resolutely refusing to admit as true every thing he is unable to comprehend in his contracted and dead formula, and bring him one day to leave his empty conceptions, to turn his mind to the contemplation of the objects revealed to him in his intuitions, and he is surprised to see how rapidly the mists disperse, the darkness rolls back, his doubts melt away, and the glorious reality appears before him, informing with its light his intellect, and enrapturing his heart with its beauty. He stands amazed at his former blindness, astonished at his doubts of yesterday, so clear is the light to his unclosed eye, so easy is it to

his open heart to believe. No doubt the grace of God is operating within him, but, so far as the change depends on human effort, it consists in the fact, that he has turned round with his face towards God in his intuitions, and beholds reality in the light, no longer in the shadow cast by himself. What, humanly speaking, will best serve those who esteem themselves atheists, are such considerations as tend to draw them off from mere reflection on their own psychological phenomena, and set them with free mind and open heart to contemplating the objects revealed to them and to all men in direct and immediate intuition. These are, no doubt, such as are usually presented by the patrons of the argument *a posteriori*, and, if presented in the light of a sound philosophy, for what they really are, and not for what they are not, they are all, the grace of God supposed, that can be required.

If the entire drift of our reasoning be not misapprehended, the question whether God is living God or not will present no difficulty. It has been our endeavour to enter our solemn protest against the dead abstractions of modern psychologism, to prove that there are no abstractions in nature, that abstractions are nullities, and yield only nullity, that ideas are not mere words, are not mental conceptions, are not intellections, are not subjective forms of the understanding, are not *ours*, but are real *intelligibilia*, intelligible objects, objects of our intellect, not our intellect nor the products of our intellect itself, and that they are in the Divine Mind or Eternal Reason, infinite in number considered in relation to the effects God is able to produce, considered in relation to his ability, one, and identical with himself. We have also endeavoured to establish that God reveals himself immediately to us in direct intuition as creator, actually creating, according to his own will, out of nothing, therefore as free, voluntary creator, therefore as living, personal, and therefore as proper object of worship, prayer, praise, love, and reverence.

One word more we must add, to prevent misapprehension. From the fact that we assert direct and immediate intuition of God, it must not be inferred that we assert, or intend to assert, either that we see God intuitively by himself alone, or as he is in himself, — the former of which it would be at least temerity, and the latter undeniably heresy, to assert. We assert, indeed, intuition of intelligibles, but we do not assert pure intellections, as does exaggerated spiritualism. Of pure intellections we are not naturally capable ; for we are not pure intelligences, but in-

telligence wedded to body, and therefore can naturally apprehend the intelligible only in union with the sensible. What we have denied and attempted to disprove is, that God is known only as contained implicitly in his works and discursively obtained from them ; but we have not asserted, or intended to assert, that he is known as God without his works. *Invisibilia ipsius, a creatura mundi, per ea quæ factæ sunt, intellecta, conspiciuntur*, (Rom. i. 20,) says St. Paul, and he seems to us to express precisely our meaning. If we see God only discursively, as implicitly contained in his works, we do not see him clearly, for such implicit seeing is not clear seeing. It is not thus we see God ; but we clearly see him or the things of God, otherwise unknown or invisible to us, in understanding, or by understanding, his works, as we see the light in seeing the visible body which it renders visible. We actually see the light ; it is the primary and immediate object of our vision, and the medium by which we see all else that we do see ; but we do not see it in itself, nor by itself alone, for our eyes are too weak for that, and it would strike us blind were we to attempt to look directly into it, as any one may satisfy himself by attempting at mid-day to look directly into the sun. So in the intelligible world, we really and truly see God ; he is the primary and immediate object of the intellect, and the medium by which we intellectually see all else that we do intellectually see, understand, or know, but not as he is in himself ; for if we cannot look into the sun, which is but the shadow of his light, without being struck blind, how much less can we look into him who is light itself ; nor do we know him by himself alone, that is, apart from his works, but we know him in knowing objects, which are made intelligible objects only in and by his intelligibility, as they are made existence only by and in his creative act, or omnipotent power.

There are several things in the author's book of considerable importance, which we have passed over ; but if he seizes the real import of what we have advanced, he will have no difficulty in understanding how we view them. We have aimed, not so much to refute his particular views, as to point out what we consider to be the fundamental mistakes into which he, misled by prevailing psychologism, has fallen, and to explain their origin and establish the principles on which they can be and are to be corrected. We take our leave of the book with kind feelings towards its author, and with the confident hope of meeting him hereafter in a work which we can cordially accept.

ART. II. — *Dissertatio Historico-Dogmatica de Sacrarum Imaginum Cultu Religioso Quatuor Epochis complectens Dogma et Disciplinam Ecclesiæ super Sanctis Imagines.*
Auctore ABB. IOSEPHO GUEVERA, Hispano. Fulginia.
1789.

IT is our object, not so much to review the able and learned treatise, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, as to arrange in an independent essay some facts, authorities, and arguments in support of the Catholic doctrine respecting the veneration of images. We shall, however, have occasion to borrow largely from the rich stores of the Abbate Guevara, and we therefore, in the outset, acknowledge our obligations to him for the chief portion of our materials.

Our design leads us to present our subject, first in an historical light, leaving the consideration of the difficulties usually brought up from the Old Testament for after consideration. In the treatise of the Abbate Guevara, the history of Christian sacred images is divided into four epochs :— 1. From the death of our Lord to the conversion of Constantine ; 2. From the reign of Constantine to that of Leo the Isaurian ; 3. From the time of the Emperor Leo to that of the Second Nicene, or Seventh Œcumenical Council ; and 4. From the Second Council of Nice to the Council of Trent. During the first period, says our learned author, —

“ Aliquæ sanctæ imagines fuere in usu, eosque *religioso cultu*, clam, ut ita loquor, timore et tyrannorum persecutione cogentibus, Christifideles prosequabantur.” “ Some sacred images were made use of, and the faithful of Christ honored them with religious veneration, privately so to speak, through the compulsion of fear and of the persecution of tyrants.”

“ In secunda, serenitatis aurora Ecclesiæ oborta, sine ullo timore, in templis haberi cœptum ; ipseque pius Constantinus multas coloribus effigiatus, auro argentoque cœlatis fusilesque, qua late ejus imperium porrigebatur, collocari jussit, maxima Christiani orbis lætitia.” “ In the second, the dawn of peace having arisen upon the Church, they began to be placed, without the least fear, in the temples ; and the pious Constantine himself commanded many, both images painted with various colors, and such as were formed from silver and gold, and also sculptures, to be erected, throughout the whole wide extent of his dominions, to the extreme joy of the Christian world.”

“ In tertia, Leo Isauricus,” etc. “ In the third, Leo the Isaurian,” and other persecutors.

"In quarta, cultus restitutus." "In the fourth, the religious honor of images restored."

Again, our author says of the first epoch : —

"Prima epocha, frequenter adorationi publicæ non expositas, ob causam persecutionum. Religio enim sancta, qua nititur prudenti discretionem, quibusdam non obligatoriis, ne sibi ipsi officiat, laudabiliter desciscit, tempus expectans opportunius." "During the first epoch, holy images were not frequently exposed for public veneration,* on account of the persecutions. For our holy religion, with that prudent discretion which she practises, laudably, at times, abstains from some things not of obligation, in order to avoid incurring an injury, awaiting, meanwhile, a more favorable opportunity."

It appears from this, that the period between the First and Second Nicene Councils, that is, between the fourth and eighth centuries, was the one in which the use of sacred images, and the doctrine concerning the veneration due to them, were universally confirmed and recognized; and that the Church based her practice and teaching upon a tradition received from the preceding ages, and handed down from the very days of the Apostles, — which will become clear as we proceed. In the words of our author : —

"Dogma Catholicum in quacumque materiæ, ab initio fuit semper idem, semper invariabiliter est idem, et semper immutabile ubique terrarum permanebit. 'Verbum enim Domini permanet in æternum. Cælum et terra pertransibunt; verba enim Domini non præteribunt.' Tamen, dogma non semper æque manifestum, neque omnibus pari claritatis splendore proditum. Ecclesia, quæ laudabili pollet discretionis dono, prudenter judicavit, non omnia ab initio cum proventu declaranda, sed, dato tempore, et circumstantiis convenientibus, quæ occulta manebant, et quasi in abscondito latebant, educere in lucem ad populorum instructionem." "The Catholic dogma, in regard to every subject whatsoever, has been always the same, from the beginning, remains always unchangeably the same, and will always continue, in every part of the world, immutable. For, 'The word of the Lord remains for ever. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of the Lord shall not pass away.' Nevertheless, a dogma is not always equally manifest, or brought before the minds of all with an equally brilliant light. The Church, who possesses

* We use the term "veneration," instead of literally translating the Latin word by "adoration," because experience has taught us that some of our antagonists will persist in giving to our words a meaning which they are never intended to have.

an admirable gift of discretion, has prudently judged that she would not *declare* all things, explicitly, from the beginning, but, at a given time, and in suitable circumstances, would bring into the light some things which were hitherto in concealment, and covered with a certain obscurity."*

Let us first examine the few remaining monuments of the primitive tradition, from which the Church of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries derived her doctrine. These are the image of Edessa, the Veronica, the image of Paneas, the images found in the cemeteries, and a number of passages from the Fathers.

1. The image of Edessa. The story of the letter of King Abgarus to our Saviour, and our Saviour's reply, accompanied by a miraculous image of himself, is well known. The letters attributed to Christ and Abgarus are universally regarded as apocryphal; this, however, does not prove that the story itself is false. It can be traced to a very early period, and, although we cannot tell exactly what was the true history on which it is founded, yet it seems clear that there was one, and the whole matter, obscure as it is, illustrates the belief and temper of the Ante-Nicene period. The Greek Menology contains a festival called "*Commemoratio Imaginis non manufactæ D. D. N. S. J. C. ex urbe Edessæ egressæ, et in hanc urbem regiam et a Deo servatam, deportatæ.*" "*The Commemoration of the Image not made by hands of the Lord our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, brought from the city Edessa, and transported to this royal city, by God protected.*" The history was, moreover, examined and approved by the Second Nicene Council. St. John Damascen says:—

"Cum Abgarus Edessæ rex, eo nomine pictorem misisset, ut Domini imaginem exprimeret, neque id pictor, ob splendorem ex ipsius vultu manantem consequi potuisset. Dominum ipsum divinæ suæ ac vivificæ faciei pallium admovisse, imaginemque suam ei impressisse, se que illud ad Abgarum, ut ipsius cupiditati satisfaceret, misisse, ferunt." "They say, that when Abgarus, king of Edessa, had sent a painter for the purpose of taking the likeness of our Lord, and the painter was unable to do it, on account of the splendor which was emanating from his countenance, the Lord himself

* The reader can hardly need to be admonished, that here is nothing resembling Mr. Newman's doctrine of development. The doctrine is from the beginning, but is not always and everywhere declared with equal distinctness.

applied a cloth to his divine and life-giving face, impressed his likeness upon it, and sent it to Abgarus, in order to satisfy his desire."

Pope Adrian says the same in his letter to the Council, and Gregory II. in his letter to the Greek emperor, Leo the Isaurian. It is to be particularly noted, also, that this story was not questioned by the Iconoclasts.

Ascending higher, we have the testimony of Eusebius, who had seen and examined the historical records of Edessa. This shows that the credit of the tradition was established at Edessa, before the fourth century, and throws it back indefinitely into primitive antiquity. Spondanus, moreover, asserts, from Evagrius, — who cites as his authority Procopius's History of the Persian Wars, where the passage cannot now be found, but from which it may have been lost, — that the statue of Christ was placed over the gate of the city, having the inscription, "O God Christ, he who hopes in thee shall never fall from his hope." He also says, that "the Saviour's protection rendered the attempts of the enemy useless," and that when "this report was spread far and wide," Chosroes, king of the Persians, having heard of it, attacked and besieged the city, but was driven off with signal loss. An image which had been kept at Edessa from time immemorial was translated to Constantinople in the tenth century, as being this miraculous image; and Constantine Porphyrogenitus, emperor of Constantinople, in a public oration, declared that the translation had been attended with numerous miracles, such as the blind regaining sight, the lame leaping up, the diseased, palsied, and infirm being restored to health and soundness.

Whatever doubt may hang over this story of the miraculous image of Edessa, this much is clear, — that an image to which this miraculous history traditionally belonged was preserved at Edessa from a time indefinitely earlier than the era of Eusebius (320); and that such was the temper of the Church at the time of his writing, that the narrative which he took from the Edessan annals found instant and universal credit.

2. The Veronica. This is the Vera Icon, or true likeness, impressed by our Lord upon the handkerchief of a pious woman, who assisted him on the way to the place of crucifixion, and who is thence called St. Veronica.

The Bollandists, who were the most learned and judicious critics that could be selected from the Society of Jesus, say that the tradition respecting the Veronica is undoubted among the orthodox, "*indubitata apud orthodoxos*" (Feb. 4). The testimony of St. Methodius is claimed by some as proving

that this Veronica was sent to Rome in the days of Tiberius, who, being afflicted with leprosy, had sent to Jerusalem to pray our Saviour to come and heal him ; he having heard of our Lord's miracles, but not of his death. The passage cited as from St. Methodius reads thus : —

“ Quæ dum nuncios convenisset, et ita esse, atque se habere per omnia evidentissime asseruit, Romam ab ipsis delata est, atque in præsentiam principis adducta, speciem divinæ testificationis ostendit, et virtutem perfecti medicaminis gratia Christi mirabiliter effecit.”
 “ Who, when she had come before the ambassadors, and had most clearly, by all means, proved that the thing was so, and that what was reported was really true, was brought by them to Rome, and being led into the presence of the prince, exhibited the appearance of the divine testimony, and wonderfully exerted the virtue of a perfect cure, by the grace of Christ.”

The only reason for doubting the genuineness of this extract is, that Marianus Schotus, a writer of the eleventh century, from whom it is taken, is in some things unworthy of credit. Tillemont and others are of opinion that it is a genuine quotation from St. Methodius, Bishop of Tyre and martyr ; and if so, it proves the translation of the Veronica to Rome in the reign of Tiberius. F. Honoratus a Sancta Maria, whom Burnet has so highly lauded for his learning and philosophical judgment, considers it doubtful whether this translation took place at this period or later ; but this learned father and Bxovius consider it as certain, from unquestionable documents, that the public religious ceremonies in honor of the sacred Veronica date, at latest, from the fourth century. The office of the Veronica has been attributed to St. Ambrose, in support of which the fact is adduced that the church of Milan alone has retained it, all other churches of Italy having conformed to the Roman rite. In the year 705, Pope John VII. erected a shrine for this image, the walls of which were decorated with magnificent pictures in tessellated work, representing scenes in the life of Christ, and the pavement of which was also of tessellated marble. There is extant an ancient Gradual, which was used, according to the testimony of Grimaldus, one of the officers of Pope John VII., on Christmas eve, when it was customary to offer special prayers and chant the *Te Deum* before this shrine. The linen cloth which was wrapped around our Saviour's body is also preserved, having on it the impression of his sacred form.

3. The image of Paneas. This was a statue erected at Paneas, or Cæsarea-Philippi, by the woman who was healed of

an issue of blood by our Saviour. The history of this image comes to us on the authority of Eusebius and Sozomen, corroborated by Theophylact, the Second Council of Nice, and universal tradition. The following is the narrative of Eusebius (*Hist.*, Lib. VII. c. 14) : —

“Sed quoniam in mentionem hujus civitatis incidi, operæ pretium arbitror, historiam hoc loco citare, quæ digna plane videtur, quam memoriæ ad posteritatem commendemus. Mulierem illam sanguinis profluvio afflictatam, quam sanctorum evangeliorum testimonio, a Salvatore nostro morbi remedium invenisse cognovimus, ex ea civitate oriundam, illiusque domum ibi ostendi, et admirabilia quædam Salvatoris, in eam beneficii monumenta, et quasi trophæa ad hoc tempus durare memorant. Pro foribus enim domus illius æneam mulieris effigiem genibus flexis et manibus instar supplicantis in anteriorem partem intensis, super editum lapidem collocatam. Huic e regione erectam imaginem ex eadem materia conflata, vestitu ad talos demisso decenter ornatam et manum mulieri porrigentem: ad cujus pedes in ipsa basi, peregrinam quamdam et inusitatum herbam enasci, quam quidem ut ad aenei vestitus fimbriam excreverit, morbi cujusque generis medicandam vim et facultatem. Hanc statuam effigiem Jesu exprimere dicunt, quam ad nostram usque ætatem manentem ipsi ad eam civitatem profecti, oculis cernebamus.” “But since I have fallen upon mentioning this city, I think it worth my while to relate here an historical fact, which seems evidently worthy that we should make provision for keeping up the memory of it for posterity. They relate, that the woman afflicted by a bloody flux, whom we know from the testimony of the holy Gospels to have found a remedy of her disease from our Saviour, was a native of that city, and that her house is now shown there, and that some memorable monuments of our Saviour's benefit to her, and, as it were, trophies, remain even to the present time. For there is, before the doors of that house, a kneeling statue of the woman, made of brass, with the hands stretched out in front, in the manner of a suppliant, and placed on a high pedestal of stone. Near to this, an image made of the same material is erected, covered with drapery reaching to the feet, in a comely manner, and extending its hand to the woman: at the feet of which, and from out of the pedestal itself, an exotic and unusual herb springs up, which, moreover, when it has grown up as high as the edge of the brazen garment, has the virtue and power of healing every kind of disease. They say that this statue represents the figure of Jesus, and this same statue, which remains even to our age, we ourselves saw, with our own eyes, when we went to that city.”

Sozomen testifies that the Emperor Julian removed this statue and put his own in its place, which was struck by light-

ning, the head and neck being thrown violently on the ground, and only the blackened body remaining when he wrote. The fragments of the image of Christ, which was broken in pieces by the heathen, were carefully gathered up by the Christians and preserved in the churches. One remark of Eusebius, which follows his narrative, is particularly worthy of notice :—

“Nec plane mirum eos, qui ex Gentilibus prognati, a Salvatore, dum inter homines vivebat, beneficiis affecti fuissent, ita fecisse : cum et nos, Petri et Pauli Apostolorum, et Christi etiam ipsius, imagines in picturis colorum varietate expressas conservatasque aspexerimus.” “Nor, indeed, is it strange that those persons of Gentile origin, who had received blessings from the Saviour while he was living among men, should have done this ; since even we have seen likenesses of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and also of Christ himself, painted in pictures with various colors, and carefully preserved.”

This passage alone sustains the proposition of our author in its full extent. Observe, Eusebius adduces these images and pictures which had been preserved from a period long anterior to the Nicene era, to prove that images of our Saviour were made, “dum inter viventes agebat,” “while he was acting among the living” ; and thus traces back the history of sacred images to the “cunabula Ecclesiæ,” “the cradle of the Church.”

A canon of the Council of Antioch, so called, — that is, one of the Apostolical canons, which was produced at the Second Council of Nice, — is available in proof of the prevailing belief of the early period when those spurious canons were compiled, concerning the doctrine of the Apostles. It reads thus :—

“Ne decipiantur Salvati ob idola ; sed pingant ex opposito divinam, humanamque manufactam, impermixtamque effigiem Dei veri et Salvatoris D. N. J. C. : ipsiusque servorum, contra idola et Judæos ; neque errent in idolis, nec similes sint Judæis.” “Let not the faithful be deceived in respect to idols ; but, in opposition to them, let them paint the image of the divine person, also made human without any mixture, of the true God and Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ ; and also of his servants, against idols and the Jews ; and let them neither err in idols, or become similar to the Jews.”

Baronius and Benedict XIV. are of the opinion, that the cross was placed over altars from the time of the Apostles.

4. As to ancient images and pictures found in the cemeteries, and preserved at Rome, although we intended to touch upon

this part of our subject when we began, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to Dr. Wiseman's Letters to Mr. Poynder, and other works which contain the requisite information.

5. We come now to cite some passages from the Fathers, as evidences of the Catholic tradition respecting holy images. St. Paulinus of Nola (353 – 431) and Prudentius speak of an ancient image of Abraham which they had seen. St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Chrysostom also say, that for a long time Christians had worn rings having images of Christ and the saints upon them. Tertullian (*De Pudicit.*, c. vii.) testifies, that in his time, (end of the second and beginning of the third century,) Christ was engraved on the chalices, as the Good Shepherd carrying the lost sheep on his shoulders. “*Ubi est ovis perdita, a Domino requisita, et humeris ipsis reventa? Procedant ipsæ picturæ calicum vestrorum,*” etc. “Where is the lost sheep, sought by the Lord, and brought back on his shoulders? Let the very pictures on your chalices come forward,” &c. And, c. 10: — “*Patrocinabitur Pastor, quem in calice depingitis.*” “The Shepherd, whom you represent on the chalice, will patronize us.” Eusebius and Sozomen, cited above, also properly come in under this head.

The greater number of testimonies belong to the second epoch, between the First and Second Councils of Nice. Some already cited belong also to that epoch, but all bear witness to the doctrine and usage of the first. Before the time of Constantine, we can find but a few faint traces remaining, to tell us what was the doctrine and practice of Christians concerning sacred images; but, though few and faint, they are satisfactory, illustrated as they are by the clear light of the subsequent epoch. “This epoch,” says Guevara, “is properly to be commenced from the year 312, in which Heaven, by the miraculous appearance of the cross, gave a brilliant precedent (*præluxit*) to the public use of sacred images in the Church. From that time, sacred images were publicly set up, Constantine himself, by the pious instinct of the Deity, laudably directing, and admonishing others by letters which he despatched, to imitate the same holy example. . . . You might say, indeed, that God wished to teach the Christian people, by the miraculous exhibition of the cross, how consistent is the use of sacred forms.” This last sentence conveys an excellent thought; and evidently, as the general and public use of images, and their solemn veneration, are to be traced to the time of Constantine, as their chief

promoter, and as he was moved in what he did by the miraculous vision of the cross, that vision is a divine sanction of the whole doctrine and practice, in this respect, of the epoch we are considering.

The following is a description of some of the images erected by this religious prince:—

“In the reservoir of the baptistery which is called the Constantinian, he placed a lamb of the purest gold, of 170 pounds’ weight. On the left of the lamb, a John the Baptist, of silver, holding the following written label:—‘Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.’ In the Constantinian Basilica he made a silver shrine, having in front of it our Saviour sitting on a seat or throne, the whole weighing 120 pounds, and the twelve Apostles, each five feet high and weighing 90 pounds, with crowns of the purest silver, which weighed 140 pounds; and four silver angels, each five feet high, and weighing 115 pounds, with gems of Alabanda.” “Since the pious Constantine was persuaded that all the happiness of himself and of his empire was to be attributed to the holy and venerable cross, and to the Saviour Jesus Christ, he constructed images of Christ and the cross in as great numbers as possible. In Constantinople, in the Mediterranean Forum, there was a very large fountain, constructed with wonderful art, whose summit an image of the Good Shepherd beautifully decorated. And there also you might see the memorable history of Daniel unharmed among the lions, represented in brass. In the greater palace, a cross was placed, wrought in with precious stones of extraordinary size.”

The author of an Ode on the Passion, ascribed to Lactantius, thus alludes to the crucifixes which were placed, from this period, in the churches:—

“*Quisquis ades, medique subis ad limina Templi
Siste parum. Insonemque tuo procrimine passum
Respice me, me corde, animo, me in pectore serva.
Ille ego, qui casus hominum miseratus acerbos,
Huc veni,*” etc.

“You, who the threshold of my Temple’s nave approach,
Stop for a time, and me behold, the guiltless One,
For your crimes suffering: let your heart and mind and soul
Retain me; I am He, who, pitying man’s deep woes,
Have hither come,” &c.

St. Paulinus thus describes the images with which the apsis of the church was adorned in the fourth and fifth centuries:—

“*Pleno coruscat Trinitas mysterio,
Stat Christus, Agno vox Patris intonat;
Et per Columbam Spiritus Sanctus fluit.
Crucem, corona lucido cingit globo,
Cui coronæ sunt corona Apostoli.*”

"The Trinity in full, mysterious splendor shines :
Christ stands, and o'er the Lamb thunders the Father's voice,
While in a dove-like shape the Holy Ghost rides down.
A crown with lucid circle binds a cross,
The Twelve Apostles crown the crown itself."

"*Cerne coronatam Domini super atria Christi
Stare crucem, duro spondentem celsa labore
Præmia. Tolle crucem qui vis auferre coronam.*"

"See crowned, above the courts of Christ our Lord, a cross
Erected; pledge of high reward for labor hard;
Take up the cross, brave soul, that would the crown possess."

Prudentius also gives a description of the image of the martyr Cassian, in his Hymn on Saints Cassian and Hippolytus : —

"*Erexī ad cælum faciem, stetit obvia contra,
Fucis colorum picta imago martyris,
Plagos mire gerens, totos lacerata per artus,
Ruptam minutis præferens punctis cutem.
Innumeri circum pueri, (miserabile dictu,)
Confossa parvis — membra figebant — stylis.*"

"Lifting my eyes, I saw before me stand,
With various colors drawn, a martyr's form,
Wounded in wondrous sort, the limbs all torn,
And skin with smallest punctures thickly pierced;
While numerous throngs of children, (sad to tell,)
Through his stabbed members thrust their little styles."

St. Basil exclaims, in his Oration on St. Barlaam : —

"*Surgite nunc athleticorum gestorum præstantissimi pictores :
mutilata; hujus ducis, imagini, artis vestræ ornamenta conferte, et
obscurius a me designatum victorem, laureatum industriæ vestræ
coloribus illustrate. Discedam victus a vobis præclarorum martyris
facinorum pictura. Tali hodie parta vobis per vestram dexteritatem
victoria, superatus gaudeam. Manum videam, cum igne pugnan-
tem, accuratius a vobis delineatam : in vestra tabella pugilem aspi-
ciam, elegantius descriptum. . . . Qui nimmo, in eadem tabula,
præsens Christus appingatur.*"

"Arise, now, you most skilful painters of athletic exploits; cover the mutilated figure of this leader with the ornaments of your art, and decorate with the colors of your industry him, who has been more dimly drawn by me, as a laurelled victor. I will depart, vanquished by you in depicting the brilliant deeds of the martyr. Your skill having this day obtained for you so great a victory, I will rejoice in my own defeat. I can see the hand battling with the fire, more correctly delineated by you : in your picture, I can behold the combatant more elegantly represented. . . . Yes, even let Christ be painted with him in the same picture."

Theodoret has a most explicit and satisfactory passage in his History of St. Simeon Stylites : —

"Aiunt Romæ, fuisse cum ab omnium ore celebratum, ut in omnibus officinarum vestibulis, et porticibus, ei parvas posuerint imagines, *hinc sibi præsidium et tutelam parantes.*"

"They say at Rome, that he was famous by the common speech of all, so that in all the vestibules of their offices, and in their porticos, they erected little images to him, *thus securing to themselves protection and patronage.*"

The following passage, quoted by Cardinal Gotti and others from a supposed fragment of an Epistle of St. Basil to Julian the Apostate, is given up by Tillemont. It was read at the Second Nicene Council, and is, at least, good testimony of the belief of the age preceding that Council. According to the Latin version it reads : —

"Characteres imaginum illorum (sc. sanctorum), honoro et palam adoro. Hoc enim nobis traditum a sanctis Apostolis non est prohibendum; sed in omnibus ecclesiis nostris eorum historias erigimus." "The forms of the images of these persons (i. e. the saints), honor and openly adore. For this, which was handed down to us by the holy Apostles, is not to be forbidden; but in all our churches we erect the memorials of these men."

We come now to the epoch of the Second Nicene Council. A perusal of any minute and accurate account of the Iconoclastic heresy, and of this Council which condemned it, such, for instance, as that of Henrion in his admirable Ecclesiastical History, is sufficient to decide the question we are treating of for any one who respects Catholic antiquity.

The Iconoclastic doctrine was a new opinion, in opposition to the universal practice of the Church, based on a tradition reaching back into Catholic antiquity, and having no source short of the Apostles.

"If *this ancient custom,*" writes St. Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople, "leads us to idolatry, why has it not been abolished in several œcumenical councils which have been held since the persecutions? This kind of religious observance is not concentrated in a small number of cities, or in those which are the least considerable; it is the custom of almost all countries, and, certainly, of the first and most illustrious churches." To the Emperor Leo he said, — "Remember, my lord, I conjure you, what you have promised at your coronation, and that you have called God to witness, *that you would change nothing in the tradition of the Church.*" Again : — "It is impossible for me to change any thing without an œcumenical council which may explain the tradition."

Pope Gregory II. thus expostulates with Leo : —

"You have gone on so well for ten years, who has stopped you at this point, and caused you to make such a deadly fall? Who has drawn you aside from the path marked out by the Fathers and the six general councils?"

St. John Damascene writes:—

"Either honor no material thing, or refrain from introducing absurd innovations in the usages established by our fathers. Many councils have been held; whence comes it that none of them has condemned *the worship which we practise from all antiquity*?" *

The authors and advocates of the heresy were the basest of men. Xenajas, a Persian refugee slave, who was surreptitiously made bishop without having been baptized, called by Nicephorus "peridoneus Satanæ minister" ("a most fit minister of Satan"); Leo the Isaurian; Constantine Copronymus; Anastasius, the intruded Patriarch of Constantinople, "venalis religionis, quandoque orthodoxus, quandoque heterodoxus, pro temporis opportunitate, vecors, et duplici corde et aspectu" (one whose religion was for sale, sometimes orthodox, sometimes heterodox, according to the convenience of the time, slothful, and hypocritical both in his heart and in his looks); his successor, Constantine, "vir impius et impurus, dignus talis prædecessoris successor" (an impious and impure man, worthy to succeed such a predecessor);—these, and similar men, were the founders and promoters of Iconoclasm. On the other hand, as soon as the heresy was avowed, all the saints, doctors, and illustrious prelates,—the Popes Gregory and Adrian, Saints Germanus and Ignatius, Patriarchs of Constantinople, the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, St. John Damascene, St. Theodore the Studite, St. Stephen the Younger, a martyr honored by miracles, and others,—pronounced with one voice that it was contrary to the ancient faith and tradition of the Church. After several turbulent assemblies of the Iconoclasts, a lawful council was assembled by the Pope's letters missive, at which the whole Eastern Church, including the three ancient patriarchates, was represented; as also the West, in the persons of the Roman legates. The patrons of Iconoclasm were deposed and anathematized, and many of them, among whom the most distinguished were the Bishops of Ancyra, Myra, and Amoria, were reconciled, on their solemn recantation. After careful deliberation, and an examination of Scripture, tradition, and the Fathers, a decree

* Henrion, Vol. III. Lib. XXIII.

was made, denying the doctrine of the Catholic Church, that a relative worship is due to holy images; and this decree, after a temporary opposition in France and Germany, based only upon an error of fact and a misapprehension, was universally received, after a time triumphed completely, even in the East, and has remained firm and immovable to this day. The Second Council of Nice did not experience one fourth part of the opposition which the First Council of Nice and the Council of Chalcedon encountered. Whatever obscurity or scantiness of written tradition during the first centuries, in relation to images, there may be, it is undeniable that the judgment of this Council proves, that the living tradition which the Church enunciated by its mouth had existed in her bosom from the beginning. The Fathers of the Council, apart from their divine infallibility, were competent judges in this matter; we are not.

The very language of the Council may perhaps be more convincing and persuasive than any thing we can say in its defence.

“His ita se habentibus, regia quasi euntes semita, sequentes divinitus inspiratum sanctorum Patrum nostrorum magisterium et Catholicæ traditiones Ecclesiæ, (nam Spiritus Sancti hanc esse novimus, qui nimirum in ipsa habetur,) definimus in omni certitudine et diligentia; sicut figuram pretiosæ, et vivificæ crucis, ita venerabiles ac sanctus imagines proponendas, tam de coloribus et tuxillis, quam ex alia materia, congruenter in sanctis Dei ecclesiis, et sacris vasis ac vestibus, et in parietibus, ac in tabellis, domibus ac viis; tam videlicet Imaginem Dei et Salvatoris Nostri J. C. quam Intemeratæ Dominæ Nostræ, Sanctæ Dei Genitricis, honorabiliumque Angelorum, et omnium sanctorum simul et aliorum virorum. Quanto enim frequentius per imaginalem formationem videntur, tanto qui has contemplantur, alacrius eriguntur ad primitivorum eorum memoriam et desiderium, et ad osculum, et ad honorariam his adorationem tribuendam: non tamen veram Latrariam, quæ secundum Fidem est, quæque solum Divinam naturam decet, impertiendam. Ita, et istis, sicut figuræ vivificæ crucis, et sanctis evangelis, et reliquis sacratis monumentis, incensorum et luminum oblatio ad harum honorem efficiendum exhibeatur, quemadmodum et antiquis piæ consuetudinis erat. Imaginis enim honor ad primitivum transit: et qui adorat imaginem adorat in ea depicti subsistentiam (i. e. personam).

“Sic enim robor obtinet sanctorum Patrum nostrorum doctrina, id est traditio Sanctæ Catholicæ Ecclesiæ, quæ a finibus usque ad fines terræ suscipit evangelium. Sic Paulum, qui in Christo locutus est, et omnem divinum, apostolicum cœtum, et pristinam sanctitatem sequemur, tenentes traditiones quæ accepimus. Hinc triumphales

Ecclesiæ prophetice canimus hymnos : *Gaude satis, Filia Sion*, etc. Eos ergo qui audent aliter et docere secundum scelestas hæreticos, et ecclesiasticas traditiones spernere, vel novitate qualibet excogitare, vel projicere aliquid ex his, quæ sunt Ecclesiæ deputata, sive evangelium, sive figuram crucis, sive imaginalem picturam, sive sanctas reliquias martyrum, aut excogitare prave, et astute subvertere quamcumque ex legitimis traditionibus, sive Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, vel etiam quasi communibus uti sacris vasis, aut venerabilibus monasteriis.

“*Postea sancta synodus exclamant* : — Omnes ita credimus : omnes id ipsum sapimus : omnes consentientes subscripsimus. Hæc est fides Orthodoxorum. Hæc est fides quæ orbem terrarum stabilivit : credentes in unum Deum in Trinitate, honorabiles imagines adoramus. Qui sic non habent, anathema sint. Qui sic non sentiant, procul ab Ecclesia pellantur,” etc.

“These things being so, as those who walk in the royal paths, and following the authority of our divinely inspired, holy Fathers, and the traditions of the Catholic Church, (for we know her to be of the Holy Ghost, who truly dwells within her,) we define with entire certainty and exactness, that both the figure of the precious and life-giving cross, and also the venerable and holy images, whether painted or made of mosaic work, or of any other material, are to be put in the holy churches of God, as is fitting, and in sacred vessels, on vestments, on walls, in pictures, in private houses, and by the public ways : to wit, both the image of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that of our undefiled Lady, the Mother of God, and also those of the venerable Angels, and of all saintly and excellent men, without exception. For, the more frequently they are looked upon by the medium of the representative images, the more readily they who contemplate these will be incited to the remembrance and love of their originals, and to kiss them, and to pay them reverential adoration : not, however, to give them the true worship of Latria, which is according to faith, and which belongs only to the Divine nature. Let the offering of incense and lights be made to these also, as well as to the figure of the life-giving cross, the holy Gospels, and the other sacred memorials, in order to pay them due honor, as was also the pious custom of the ancients. For the honor paid to the image passes to its original ; and he who adores an image adores the person of him whom it represents.

“For in this way the doctrine of our holy Fathers receives strength, that is, the tradition of the Holy Catholic Church, which, from one end of the earth to the other, receives the Gospel. Thus we follow Paul, who spoke in Christ, and the whole divine apostolical college, and the pristine sanctity, holding the traditions which we have received. Hence we sing triumphal hymns of the Church, in prophetic language : — *Rejoice abundantly, O Daughter of Sion*,

&c. Those, therefore, who dare to think otherwise, and to teach according to the detestable heretics, and to despise the ecclesiastical traditions, or by any new invention to make an opinion, or to cast off any one of those things which have been committed to the Church, either the Gospel, or the figure of the cross, or the painted representation of forms, or the holy relics of martyrs, or to think erroneously, or to subvert cunningly any one of the legitimate traditions or those of the Catholic Church, or even to treat the sacred vessels and venerable monasteries as common," &c.

"*Afterwards the holy synod exclaimed* : — We all believe thus : we all think the same thing : we have all subscribed, consenting. This is the faith of the Orthodox. This is the faith which has given stability to the world : believing upon one God in Trinity, we adore the venerable images. Let those who do not hold thus be anathema. Let those who do not think thus be driven from the Church," &c.

In order to give a complete view of our subject, it would be necessary to consider the internal character of the dogma, its analogy with natural religion, and its relation to the Jewish law, as well as to the other doctrines of the Catholic faith. This part of the subject is capable of being placed in the clearest light, but it is not our intention to undertake the task of doing it at present. The best means of attaining to a satisfactory apprehension of the whole matter is the study of the Fathers of the eighth century, and the original documents of the Seventh Council.

We have only a few observations to make upon a particular form in which the ordinary Protestant objection is sometimes put, by certain persons who profess to be guided by a Catholic spirit. It is said, with a peculiar indistinctness and evasiveness of expression quite characteristic of the mystic and rationalizing school to which we refer, that the Nicene doctrine concerning the veneration of images is contrary to the spirit of the Old Testament, in a way in which no other part of the Roman Catholic system is so. Those who make this objection ought to make a clearer and less ambiguous charge against the Catholic doctrine, or retract it entirely. Either they should say distinctly that the Roman Church has sanctioned and practises idolatry, or abstain from an argument which derives its force and value only from the supposition that she has done so. But they perceive that, by doing either, they would leave the obscurity and vagueness which forms their only refuge, and fall into fatal dilemmas. The sin of idolatry condemned in the Old Testament consisted either in worshipping idols as hypostatically united with demons

or imaginary deities, or in worshipping these demons and false gods by the medium of their images and representations.* Unless the whole Catholic Church, then, is charged with having committed this sin of idolatry, every thing relating to it in the Old Testament is entirely irrelevant to the doctrine and practice which has prevailed in her communion. So far as the discipline of the Jewish Church is concerned, it was either similar to ours, or differed from it only by reason of the difference between the two dispensations of the old and new law. The use of sacred images, to a certain extent, was not only not forbidden, but expressly enjoined. The representation of the Lord God was indeed forbidden, because, if the Son of God was in any way, as yet, clearly revealed as a distinct person, he was known only by the great body of the faithful, in his spiritual and Divine essence. Whatever may have been the illumination of certain favored persons, it is not probable that the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, and that Economy of Redemption which is represented in the whole visible array of rites, symbols, and images used by the Church, were distinctly and universally known among the Jewish faithful. It appears that the private manufacture and use of sacred images were regarded by the Jews as forbidden; and this also was only a special precept of discipline. There is certainly a great difference apparent on the surface, as regards the use of images, between the Jewish and the Catholic Churches. But the peculiar discipline of the Jewish Church was based on reasons of expediency, or on the nature of the earlier dispensation; and therefore this difference is no argument against the Catholic Church, for it is accidental, not essential; it implies no contradiction of principles, but a mere variation in their external application. A remarkable instance of a similar contrariety between Judaism and Christianity has been adduced by Mr. Newman. Under the Jewish law, the bodies of the pious dead were treated as vile, and imparted pollution; under the Christian law, they are honored, and impart health and grace. In the one case, Christ had not yet died and risen from the grave; but now he has done so, and this is the reason of the change. The offering of Divine worship to the body of our Lord appears also to be contrary to the Jewish

* Bishop England has treated this question in his "Letters to the Gospel Messenger," and "Controversy with the Mt. Zion Missionary," and has proved that the heathen paid the absolute worship of Latria to the idols themselves. See his Works, Vol. II. Part I.

law. In fact, the mystery of the Incarnation itself is the most opposed, in its external appearance, to the manifestation of God in the Old Testament, as a Pure, Spiritual, Infinite Essence, that we can conceive one part of a Divine revelation to be to another. Reason cannot reconcile them. We have, in the mystery of the Incarnation, the very source and principle of all the external changes which have been made in the Divine Economy, including that which relates to images; and this consideration dissipates all the difficulties which overshadow the subject. The great thing to be desired by one who acknowledges the Divinity of our Lord is, to discover the reason for the change of the Jewish discipline in regard to images in the grand fact of the Incarnation, and a necessary connection between the veneration paid to them and this central doctrine of the faith, by which the former shall appear to have grown out of the latter. In order to obtain clear and accurate knowledge of that mode of representing "the invisible things of God" which is agreeable to his will, and also of the nature of that perversion of his law which he condemns as idolatry, it is necessary to reason up to some first principle grounded upon the very nature and being of God, and upon the primary doctrines of the Christian faith. The question will reduce itself at last to this: "Is it possible, and in accordance with God's will, that he should be represented by a material image?" The question is decided by the simple fact that God has created such an image of himself, the body of his Son. If God had made no such manifestation of himself as this, we might, in our ignorance, imagine, that the visible representation of God or of any spiritual substance is essentially impossible, and inconsistent with the true idea of divine and spiritual essence; and that the attempt to do so would be a sin, not merely of presumption, but of *atheism*. But when the Incarnation is admitted, we are obliged to regard all forbidden and sinful methods of representation, in short, every thing which is included under the name of idolatry, as perversions of the Divine Economy, but not as intrinsically contrary to the Divine Essence. The sin of idolatry consists rather in the substitution of counterfeits for realities, than in the attempt at representation. Accordingly, there is a plain reason why the use of images should be restrained before the coming of Christ, and encouraged afterwards. Arnold saw this truth, and has stated it clearly and forcibly. The Fathers and Saints of the age of Iconoclasm, and the whole Council of Nice, made it one of their first principles, when, with such

depth of wisdom, they elucidated and defended the Catholic doctrine.

They reason invariably from the Incarnation to the veneration of images, and illustrate their doctrine by analogies drawn from every part of the creation and revelation of God, in order to show that a common principle pervades all. It is a proof that the fixed and precise doctrine of the Church declared at Nice is a necessary consequence of the doctrine of the Incarnation, because the arguments by which the former was defended were actually derived from the deepest views of the latter. It may be remarked also, in passing, that they invariably place images in the same class with other sacred things, as temples and altars, and trace the usage of the Church in regard to all to one principle, their *sacredness*, and consequent claim to veneration, which is differently exhibited according to the different nature and signification of the objects to which it is applied. They disregard, also, the distinction between images and symbols.

In conclusion, we simply remark, that the great difficulty and repugnance which many persons experience in regard to the Catholic custom of venerating images is purely imaginary, and is much more effectually dissipated by making the stations of the cross, kissing the feet of a crucifix, and praying before an image of Our Lady, than by all the arguments of St. Thomas, or any other profound theologian. To such persons we say, as the Greek bishops did to the nonjurors, "Behold, you have stood in great fear, where no fear was."

- ART. III. — 1. *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Sixth Edition. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 163.
2. *Kavanagh, a Tale*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1849. 12mo. pp. 188.

THERE are some authors who take the world by storm, and, happening to produce at the first effort precisely what popular taste demands, escape the long probation of unrequited drudgery and unmerited neglect, and secure with one bold, brilliant leap the honor and emolument of literary success.

There are others of equal power, who steal slowly and si-

lently into public favor, after weathering years of ridicule and indifference, in which the consciousness of strength, the conviction of ultimate triumph, and, perhaps, a fixed resolve to work out an interiorly recognized mission of good to mankind, have sustained and inspired them. Those, the few, who can discover and admit merit, in the course of some years, amount, with their proselytes, to a considerable body, often large enough to influence the world of letters, and to constitute their approval a passport to the consideration of that very exclusive, but passive and obedient creature, the reading community. To this class Mr. Longfellow, in some respects, belongs. His poetry was never destined to rapid and universal popularity, for it lacks the Satanic glare of Byron, the epicurean glitter of Moore, and the strong, natural, genuine, deep, unaffected pathos, humor, and home-interest of Burns ; while it certainly cannot boast that indefinable magic of a higher and the highest genius, which it is not in man to resist. Had Mr. Longfellow been born fifty years earlier than he was, he never could have lived to enjoy his reputation. But Wordsworth, and the whole tribe of Lakers in England, Goethe in Germany, and kindred, though lesser, spirits in Belgium and Sweden, have smoothed a path for him, and created the taste to which he appeals. During the last half-century England has contained two mutually hostile schools of poets, — one of passion, the other of reason, — and neither perfectly natural ; for the one went out of its way to avoid simplicity, whilst the other went out of its way to get it.

Of late years the *passion party* have almost ceased to write, except in prose, leaving to France the completion of Don Juan in the deliberate orgies of Eugene Sue, and the hypocritical, seductive sentimentality of Lamartine. The reason party — the moralists, the *Levites* — remain in undisputed possession of the field. We rejoice at their victory only as a choice of evils, for we fear the use they will make of it. It is true that their verses are undefiled by impurity and open profanity ; but they extol natural piety until they forget revealed religion, and celebrate the dignity of the creature until they lose sight of the majesty of God.

But let us give them their due. It is not easy for a poet, unsustained by the sacraments of the Church of God, to reject the delicate impurities that rise before him like Venus from the flashing foam of the *Ægean*, — to dispense with the sensual rouge which the morbid taste of the majority has made essential to beauty. Nor is this virtue simply a want of ability to sin ; for

the hand that sketched so finely the fate of poor Lucy might easily have made it a temptation instead of a warning, and the father of the Tryad might have created their opposites. It is not easy for one actuated chiefly by earthly ambition and worldly motives to write for the calm approval of the virtuous and discriminating few, instead of the adulation and fervent applause of the many, — to be content with the attention of the old and the wise, the enthusiasm of certain metaphysical young men and transcendental young women, — with here and there the tributary but momentary tear of a belle, whose heart may have retained a spark of feeling in spite of fashion, or a beau, whose occasional glimmerings of intellect show that he has missed his vocation. It is a noble and difficult thing to labor for the good of mankind at the expense of their applause.

Nor is it easy, while suffering from public scorn and private affliction, — while encountering the stern trials, the petty annoyances, the disappointment, shame, mortification, and regret of life, — after seeing the weaknesses of those we most admired, and exposing our own to those we best loved, — after juvenile heartbreaks and adult headaches, — independent friends and thoroughly democratic children, — to refrain from an indignant burst of universal contempt and defiance, and to compose every line to meekness, forgiveness, charity, and instruction.

What, then, has inspired the poet to attempt this difficult career? The ambition to be a *priest*! The mighty mind of Goethe "set that ball in motion." Protestantism was beginning to decline, as the fanaticism of reform expired; her churches were without an altar; she had no hold on the skies; she had cut away all those consoling ties with which Jesus of Nazareth united heaven and earth; her aspect was forbidding and cadaverous; there was no principle of life and beauty in her. Too proud to admit or to accept the guidance of an infallible Church, the great German declared, "*The poet is the priest of God*"; and as such is Goethe regarded by his disciples. But there has been a change since his day. Goethe wished no union with Protestantism; it was reserved for England and America to effect the combination. Can any thing well be plainer, than that the British bard is now the adjunct of the British parson, — that poetry is invoked to keep Protestantism alive, and supply a deficiency in her system which is every day becoming more and more evident? "Hearken to us!" exclaim these priests of Parnassus; "our numbers shall serve you instead of Gothic cathedral, chant and vest-

ment, picture and statue, and our intelligence shall instruct where your mission fails."

This sounds ludicrous enough when brought down into plain prose : such is the case, nevertheless. Deduct the unwitting followers of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Emerson, and Co., and you diminish English-language-Protestantism more than one half : so much more attractive is a song than a sermon.

Mr. Longfellow has something of this ambition, and his verse and prose are intended to be *religious*. So far as he appears in these two volumes, he is not wholly undeserving of our respect. He has a perception, if not of the truth of the Catholic Church, at least of her beauty, and writes like an upright, earnest, pure, benevolent man. He has won a large circle of admirers, and enjoys a fair reputation throughout the country ; and perhaps, in the fulness of his pride, he may turn away in self-complacency from any praise or censure of ours. But if poets do not entirely escape humanity, they cannot be indifferent to the honest opinion of any unprejudiced, capable reader, — and such an opinion he may expect from us. Our business as a critic, where morality is not invaded, is rather to instruct those who write books, than serve up to those who read them a bash, in which a thousand far-fetched spices disguise the original flavor.

Evangeline is the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, a little village in the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas. She is thus described : —

" Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
way-side,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of
her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and
her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-
rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

This passage, copied with Chinese fidelity, is a fair specimen of the author's beauties and blemishes. "*Black were her eyes as the berry*," is still deliciously pastoral; but "*Sweet was her breath as —*," like "*ox-eyed*," is classical no longer. Whatever may be the taste of the South of Europe, an American has little love for garlic. The next two lines are unexceptionable. The figure of the bell sprinkling the air with holy sounds, as the priest sprinkles the congregation with hyssop, seems a little fantastic at first; but in spite of cavil, the similitude exists, and is visible to the poet's eye: if it cannot exactly be expressed, it is owing to the inferiority of language to thought. Thus a very difficult question arises, — whether these subtle perceptions of a fine fancy shall be suppressed, because when pent up in words they dwindle into airy nothingness, or whether they shall be bodied forth as accurately as may be, to *suggest* to kindred spirits the vision of beauty that was floating clear, but undefinable, in the poet's brain. Let them have a body, however imperfect, say we, in spite of Horace. We feel certain that no amount of human censure could induce Mr. Longfellow to strike out that image, — at least we hope so. "Her chaplet of beads and her missal, her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings," — all this is exquisite, and makes us see and love the maiden of seventeen summers. The three following lines are filled with truth, sweetness, and the best poetry, — they breathe a Catholic purity and elevation; we can pay no higher compliment.

"Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon her."

The soft flow of this single line is poetry of the highest order. Yet how little valued in ordinary criticism is this *music* by which the imagination, flooded with beauty, imparts the feeling which millions of metaphors are impotent to convey! Mr.

Longfellow was conscious of this, or he would not have added the last period, —

“ When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.”

This line, though most admirable, is far from being original in itself. We remember many like it, particularly a passage in one of Maturin's plays. But in the connection in which we presume it to exist, it is eminently original. We shall not pursue our minute investigations farther, lest the criticism of the passage be as Chinese as our copy of it. Take the whole, we doubt whether Wordsworth ever surpassed it in simplicity or spirituality.

The lines, if we are not mistaken, are hexameter : at all events, they can be scanned as such by ear, if not by rule. Our prosody is too variable and irregular to permit this metre, — the genius of our language is averse to it. It never grew up with our literature, — it is too late in the season to engraft it. The words form their fixed, familiar combinations before we reach the end of the long line, and come to us in old melodies that utterly ruin the hexameter. Whatever it may be in Homer and Virgil, when transplanted into English, the hexameter is far inferior to our blank verse, and to our taste intolerable.

Our authors have been striving to vary the monotony of *rhyme* for many years. Before Pope's time it was difficult to write single lines smoothly and sweetly; there was much awful ruggedness even in celebrated poets. Pope's great merit was in moulding the language to such pliancy and softness, that any dabster could pour it into verse. We see every schoolboy fancying that he is a Walley or Raleigh at least, — forgetting the part *they* played in the formation of a poetic language, — forgetting that what is now trite and stale then had the merit of freshness and invention, — forgetting that the numbers which now flow so easily were then not attained without infinite pains.

Latterly, many of our masters of rhyme have disdained the facility of turning out faultless couplets, gliding on in the same everlasting, unchanging cadence. Byron and Moore stuck fast to Pope, — Byron particularly echoes his heroics with slavish fidelity. Coleridge, who excels them all in richness of melody, introduced a golden rule, that the proper musical quantity is far more important than the standard number of syllables. Southey attempted the improvement of rhyme by rapidly changing the length of the line, plumping down from twelve feet to two, and from ten to one. Poor Keats had the glorious ambition

of uniting all the beauties of rhyme and blank verse, — using all the pauses of the one, and all the jingle of the other ; but this was impossible ; for the pause which the rhyme demands destroys the effect of the cæsural resolution, which, in turn, impairs the other. Henry Taylor speaks of subtler melodies than those which the ear expects ; but if the interlude in Philip Van Artevelde is an illustration, it is a failure. How far rhyme is susceptible of improvement we know not. We hate its artificial suggestiveness, its gilt fetter, and the constant temptation it creates to reject the first true, spontaneous thought, and take a secondary thing that assumes with more ease and a better grace “ the tinkling bells of rhyme,” as Churchill so admirably terms it in *Kavanagh*. But still we prefer any of our metres, well used, to the crawling, cumbrous Anglo-hexameter.

Why go out of our own glorious, magnificent blank verse, — with its endless power of harmony, its infinite combinations, its exhaustless melody, dignity, variety, and beauty, — where the single lines are nothing in comparison with the grand masses of harmony that gush, as if from an organ ? The hexameter of Homer may be above it, but the English language can go no farther. Milton and Shakspeare alone knew and employed all the range and volume of this majestic instrument. It is likely that Mr. Longfellow thought it sacred to higher flights, and unfit for the pastoral ; but the difficulty is hardly removed by employing the stately hexameter.

But let us resume the narrative, already unpardonably interrupted, and in doing so test the measure practically.

“ At peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré lived on his sunny farm, and *Evangeline* governed his household. Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ; happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment ! ”

There is a tinge of impiety here which the author has lived, or will live, to regret and correct in another edition. Though in unconscious hexameters, now we perceive we have said it.

“ Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, but, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ; Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith. . . . Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician, priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the Church and the plain-song.”

All this appears to be plain prose, spoiled by attempting to give it all the characteristic dress and inflexion of metre.

Wordsworth was right ; prose has its numbers and inspiration as well as verse ; what it loses in regularity, it gains in variety. Undoubtedly the finest measure or stanza is that in which as much of the capacity of prose is attained as the music of verse permits. Such is our blank verse. Whoever aspires to improve it will, like Ossian, do what *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* thought he had done, — utter neither prose nor verse. So think we now ; but it is impossible to predict with any certainty. Poetry may undergo an utter revolution within a century : the champions that assail the canons of literature are not less sturdy than those who are overthrowing the political constitutions of the world.

But the English ships at their anchors ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against the village. What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded on the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate will be proclaimed as the law of the land.

That evening the notary,

“ Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,”

entered the cottage of Benedict Bellefontaine, where Basil was smoking. The brazen lamp was lighted, the pewter tankard filled till it overflowed with home-brewed, nut-brown ale, and the notary, drawing forth from his pocket his papers and inkhorn, prepared and sealed the contract between Gabriel and Evangeline.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré. Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas, where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor. Life had been long astir in the village, and clamorous labor knocked with its hands at the golden gates of the morning.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard, bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal. So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat. Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the church-yard, waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest. Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly among them, entered the sacred portal. The royal proclamation is read, the villagers are sentenced to

transportation, their lands, dwellings, and cattle declared forfeit to the crown. The offence of the Acadians is not stated.

However, after a long pause of speechless wonder, and a wail of sorrow and anger, Basil the blacksmith, his face distorted with passion, rose, and wildly shouted : —

“Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests !”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

“In the midst of the strife and the tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng.

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, ‘O Father, forgive them !’

“Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.”

Meanwhile the tidings of ill had spread in the village, and women and children wandered, wailing, from house to house. But we must pass over this season of desolation, and Evangeline's sorrow, charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness and patience, while still, in spite of the calamity,

“Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.”

On the fourth day, the villagers are forced to the sea-shore ; there, heart-broken, on the beach the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré dies, and Evangeline

"Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom."

She and Father Felician are carried to one ship, Gabriel and Basil to another.

"Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in
ruins."

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré. Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ; scattered were they, like flakes of snow. Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, from the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, — from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

"Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young ;

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen."

It was Evangeline seeking her lover ; sometimes in churchyards straying, she sat by some nameless grave, thinking that perhaps in its bosom he was already at rest. Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper, came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him, but long ago, in some far-off, forgotten place. Some would say, "He has gone to the prairies" ; others, "He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana. Why dream and wait for him any longer ? Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? Give thy hand to another !" But Evangeline ever answered, serenely but sadly, "I cannot !" A voice whispered, "Despair not !" and, in want and cheerless discomfort, she still pursued Gabriel.

In the month of May we find her and Father Felician, her faithful protector, floating in a cumbrous boat down the golden stream of the broad, swift Mississippi, past the Ohio shore and the mouth of the Wabash. Day after day they glided down the turbulent river ; night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders, until they entered the Bayou of Plaquemine.

"Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and
beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-
worn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sad-
ness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow."

But the lovers met not ; the stars were in the heavens ; they
passed each other on opposite banks of an island, with a screen
of palmettos between them ; and Evangeline dreamed that Ga-
briel had been near her.

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the
green Opelousas, and saw, near to the bank of the river, secluded
and still, the house of a herdsman.

"A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance."

Here, mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stir-
rups, the wanderers saw and recognized Basil the blacksmith.
But Gabriel came not ! Far to the Western wilds has he
gone ; but to-day he departed ! Over Evangeline's face a shade
passed ; tears came into her eyes, and, concealing her face on
Basil's shoulder, all her overburdened heart gave way, and she
wept and lamented.

But she followed him, — followed him until she saw the
moon rise slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains. Still
far to the North had he gone. Then Basil left her, and Evan-
geline remained at a Jesuit Mission, still hoping that in the
autumn Gabriel would appear.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —
days, and weeks, and months !

"So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, — yet Gabriel
came not ;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and
blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River. . . .
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission."

After long and perilous marches, she attains the depths of the Michigan forests, and finds the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

"Thus did the long, sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ; —
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns, and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

Thus, in the evening of life, we find her in the city washed by the Delaware's waters. Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image, clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him, only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city, where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

"Then it came to pass, that a pestilence fell on the city ;

. the poor

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles."

One Sunday morn, wending her quiet way, she entered the almshouse, — entered the chambers of sickness.

"Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped
from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man-
hood.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking.

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his child-
hood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
shadow,

As in the days of her youth, *Evangeline* rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and, as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but *Evangeline* knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and *Evangeline*, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank
Thee!'"

Thus ends *Evangeline*. We have been led by the beauty of
the narrative, by an unwillingness to do it too much injustice,
and by a desire to present it as a whole to our Catholic read-
ers, to give a connected epitome, instead of a straggling outline,
of the story. We have omitted many faults, and more beauties.
Mr Longfellow must pardon the jumble we have made of his

language, since, even in our compound of prose and verse, and what is neither prose nor verse, the pathos, simplicity, and fervent purity of the poem are not entirely lost.

Of the tale itself, — the incident, the plot, — we need not speak, — it is subordinate ; the portraiture of the finer feelings of the heart, — the contemplation of the beautiful in man and in nature, — give value and fascination to the book. The fervent way in which the author is seen to feel what he creates gives a charm to his characters which no art can bestow, and they live because he loves them.

Evangeline, as a Sister of Charity, is as pure a conception as Protestantism permits. Indeed, her whole character is vastly more Catholic than that of most of our own theologico-romantic heroines, so innocently invented, now-a-days, for the edification of youths, by too zealous converts, who write before they have well tasted the first sweet waters of Catholic purity.

Before passing to *Kavanagh*, we must briefly notice some glaring faults. Mr. Longfellow himself has said, "In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity," — and yet it is against this very excellence that he sins the oftenest. It is lamentable to see a man of fair proportions straining himself out of all symmetry for the sake of being original. In society, eccentricity is originality, but scarcely in literature.

Speaking of Basil, he says : —

"And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the
vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter."

Again : —

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the *forget-me-nots* of the angels."

This is exquisitely dainty, but overwhelmingly artificial ; we admire, and yet we despise. However, few authors would blot it out. But here is something utterly unjustifiable : —

"She saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar."

Again, a fine passage we have quoted is spoiled by adding to "Rose on the ardor of prayer," "like Elijah ascending to heaven." Again : —

"And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended."

Wherever the following came from, — German it seems to be, — let it be anathema : —

“ And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard, and hollow, and wan, and without either thought or
emotion,
*E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.*”

In Sam Slick, the illustration would be capital. So,

“ Where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean.”

And that morning in June, with all its music and sunshine, is too fantastic and improbable, though the conception shows genius of no ordinary power.

But what can be said of this ? —

“ The trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft, like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift *humming-birds*, that flitted from blossom to
blossom.”

It is a vision, but a dream too much like the forget-me-nots of the angels not to be indorsed by the author.

Again : —

“ The manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way like a silent Carthusian.”

And again, the last meeting of Gabriel and Evangeline is half ruined, thus : —

“ Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over.”

We could laugh at all these conceits, if they did not contain glimmerings of a fine fancy run mad, — if they did not spring up unaccountably in the midst of the most delicious simplicity. Sometimes he is much happier, as, —

“ And clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.”

This is equal to Homer. Nor is the following without sublimity : —

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from
Sinai."

Again : —

"And the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its domes on the walls of the forest."

And again : —

"And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

But even in these instances, the fantastic injures the sublime. These are exceptions. When Mr. Longfellow is in his element, — when he is content with being himself, — he lavishes on us some of the sweetest pastoral in any language. How much pathos and power in this touch, when the villagers are embarking : —

"Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist, still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid."

Or, more beautiful still, —

"Now recommenced the reign of rest, and affection, and stillness. Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd," &c.

"O ! si sic omnia." — Too much cannot be said in praise of that passage.

Often, too, there is a touch like this, where the blacksmith

"Takes in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything."

And often, too, are sprinkled lines like these : —

"Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and glad-
ness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave
it."

But we pass from *Evangeline*, on which we have lingered long, to *Kavanagh*, the other work on our list, and the last that has reached us from its author.

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it."

The choice of this motto indicates, what the context sufficiently confirms, that Churchill is the real hero of the book, whatever Kavanagh may be allegorically. In Churchill, a singular class of beings is most felicitously described. By two fine touches he is brought vividly before us :—He thought himself a great man, — "for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, whilst others judge us by what we have already done. And, moreover, his wife considered him equal to great things. But to the people in the village, he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more. They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that under that hard and cold exterior lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of the day was over, he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air."

"Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem, he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar, when he would fain have written poems ; and from day to day, and year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles ; like the lazy sea that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings."

Here we have a tangible character, familiar to every one from experience of others or himself. The power to accomplish much, and the actual accomplishment of nothing, is seen in some phase or other at every step in life. Thus the foot of a college

class contents himself with the flattering reproach, — “ You might be head with ease, Sir.” Many, again, are seduced by wealth, or fettered by poverty, from a career of usefulness and distinction. This is true, in spite of the fact, that, when a man of ordinary ability throws himself away, the glimmering of talent set off by the darkness that surrounds him is generally hailed as an emanation of the highest genius. Mediocrity in the gutter is apt to be mistaken for fallen greatness.

But Mr. Longfellow aims at a rarer and more delicate combination of strength of mind and weakness of will. The fruits of the brain, like those of the earth, are not produced without labor : the curse pronounced in Eden is on mind as well as matter. Man is originally averse to both mental and physical labor. In some, this antipathy is overbalanced by ambition, corrected by education and the rod, and eradicated by habit, until exertion becomes a pleasure ; in others, it is overcome by necessity, avarice, or duty. But the man of genius who has tidings to impart, and who feels his mission, is different from all these. Place him in the ordinary pursuits of life, he languishes after time and opportunity for the full, free play of his powers, and pines to climb the blue hills so soft and alluring in the distance. But unshackle him, let him roam at large ; — he wanders to the base of the mountain, — he finds all those soft outlines gone, — the ascent rugged, steep, and forbidding ; — there are sweet springs murmuring overhead, — but then the toil, the *labor*, of reaching them ! The few, who have the requisite will, reach the summit ; the rest, with poor Churchill, wander in penniless spirituality along the base.

Poetry and music have their tedious details, as well as science and the counting-house ; and it is over these details that genius sickens, droops, and dies. It is instinctively impelled by the delight of conceiving and creating beauty, but deterred by the pang, the labor, of bringing it forth. In vain did Churchill exclaim, “ I shall write a romance ! ” — he remained for ever barren. When he wandered to the old windmill, and saw below him the lights of the village, and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness, — when he passed the orchards where the air, filled with the odor of the fallen fruit, seemed as sweet to him as the fragrance of the blossoms in June, — when a few steps farther brought him to an old, neglected church-yard, and he paused a moment to look at the white, gleaming stone, under which slumbered the old

clergyman who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars, — then, O, then ! he felt that he could write. But when he entered the village street, and encountered the booted centipede, — when the steam of strong tobacco-smoke, exhaled from a laborer's pipe, saluted him *up to his own door*, — then, alas ! the inspiration departed.

Mrs. Churchill, a pretty, motherly, intensely literal personage, was not eminently qualified to recall the fine frenzy, as the following morsel of dialogue will demonstrate : —

“ Ah ! these children, these children ! ” said Churchill, as he sat down at the tea-table, “ we ought to love them very much now, for we shall not have them long with us ! ”

“ Good heavens ! ” exclaimed his wife, “ what do you mean ? Does any thing ail them ? Are they going to die ? ”

“ I hope not. But they are going to grow up and be no longer children. ”

“ O you foolish man ! You gave me such a fright ! ”

“ And yet it seems impossible that they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life. ”

“ And I hope they never will. That is the last thing I want either of them to do. ”

There is much contained and suggested in that brief passage, bald and artificial as it seems. Churchill continues to teach school and do every thing else but begin his romance ; — here we find him discoursing on the beautiful arithmetical system contained in the *Lilawati* of Bhascara Acharya, — there answering the young lady who sent him the poetry to look over and criticize, — now diverted by Mr. Hanson's cooking-range, or intercepted by Mr. Wilmerdings, the butcher, with his cart and five pensionary cats, — again, after extinguishing the Vesuvius of the prospective editor of the projected Niagara, deliberately consenting to write him a series of papers on *Obscure Martyrs*. To use the best image in the book, and one of the best on record, — “ Such was the schoolmaster's life ; and a dreary, weary life it would have been, had not poetry from within gushed through every crack and crevice in it. This transformed it, and made it resemble a well, into which stones and rubbish have been thrown ; but underneath is a spring of fresh, pure water, which nothing external can ever check or defile. ” How different this from that outrageous metaphor in which my Lord Coke appears to inflict a death-wound on literature on the threshold of law !

The subordinate characters of the story, like Churchill, are merely sketched. We do not say this in condemnation : far from it. We cannot easily describe our pleasure to find *Kavanagh* but one small volume, — we cannot express our delight to discover that the author meant to tell his tale by a few brief masterly touches, instead of inflating pages with useless expatiation, explanation, and analysis, conformably to the prevailing vicious fashion. As books multiply, they ought to be brief : a well-read community want suggestiveness, not repetition. It is time now that the author should trust something to the reader. If we must have fiction, let it consist of meaning outlines, that in a glance we may enjoy it. Let the author lift us to the eminence he occupies, that we may see at once the prospect he would unfold, instead of compelling us to wade through description and reflection as endless and deep as a Florida everglade, before we catch a glimpse of what he is pointing at. Let genius leave dilution to mediocrity, and bend itself to condensation.

What is the condition of English and French fiction at this moment ? Volume after volume, fine print, rolled off with incredible velocity, — vast masses of love, lust, and battle, heaped up high as a pyramid. Every thing for quantity, nothing for quality, — a given amount must be read before a certain interest can be obtained. If there is one green spot in the book, the author has surrounded it with a desert of dulness to make it an oasis, — to give it a zest, which, standing alone, it could not have ; whilst, camel-like, the patient reader plods along, without even a mirage to relieve him.

Had Mr. Longfellow's book no other merit, his bold, rapid attempts at delineation would entitle him to gratitude and encouragement. His intention is thus handsomely expressed in *Evangeline* : —

“ Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps ; —

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley :
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only.”

We know Mr. Pendexter perfectly well by his sermon ; we can see his old white horse shaking from his feet the dust of the ungrateful village ; there is a dramatic distinctness in his subsequent return to the village, in the same old ark of a chaise, drawn

by the same white horse, with the same disdainful fling to his hind legs. Sally Manchester, Mr. H. Adolphus Hawkins, and his sister, are equally well sketched, and kept in proper subordination to the superior actors on the little stage. With Lucy he has been eminently happy.

"Lucy was a girl of fifteen, who had been taken a few years before from an orphan asylum. Her dark eyes had a Gypsy look, and she wore her brown hair twisted round her head, after the manner of some of Murillo's girls. She had Milesian blood in her veins, and was impetuous and impatient of contradiction."

Lucy lived with Mrs. Churchill, and came one evening to ask permission to go down to the village to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. As she left the room, Churchill thought of the ill-looking creature he had seen. A year passed by. Lucy, the pretty orphan girl, had disappeared with the centipede, — but whither gone and wherefore remained a mystery. Autumn came, and brought an unexpected guest, — the forlorn, forsaken Lucy. She returned alone in destitution and despair; and often, in the grief of a broken heart and a bewildered brain, was heard to say, —

"O how I wish I were a Christian! If I were only a Christian, I would not live any longer; I would kill myself! I am too wretched!"

"A few days afterwards, a gloomy-looking man rode through the town on horseback, stopping at every corner, and crying into every street, with a loud and solemn voice, — 'Prepare! Prepare! Prepare to meet the living God.' Then numerous camp-meetings were held in the woods, to whose white tents and leafy chapels many went for consolation, and found despair."

"Then rose the voice of Elder Evans high above the rest, clear and musical as a clarion, —

"Don't you hear the Lord a-coming
To the old church-yards,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Sounding through the air?"

A figure stood below, in the shadow of the bridge, —

"on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the steady flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moon-

light, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself, — among the water-lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward, and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody, —

‘O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, —
O, there will be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ!’

To us there is a strange power and pathos in this brief sketch, which, if minutely expanded, would have been a temptation instead of a warning. Here, as in other places, Mr. Longfellow displays the rare faculty of revealing, as if through a magic glass, the incident as it is felt by the mind that first conceived it, — of revealing to the reader the same spirit of beauty and tenderness that animated the writer when words were far unequal to the vision of his mind.

After Churchill and Kavanagh, the principal characters are Alice Archer and Cecilia Vaughan. They are placed in striking contrast. Alice is a fair, delicate girl, whose life has been saddened by a too sensitive organization, and by somewhat untoward circumstances. She had a pale, transparent complexion, and large, gray eyes, that seemed to see visions. Her figure was slight, almost fragile; her hands white, slender, diaphanous. She was thoughtful, silent, susceptible; often sad, often in tears, often lost in reveries. She led a lonely life with her mother, who was old, querulous, and nearly blind. She, herself, had inherited a predisposition to blindness, and in winter the power of vision failed her. The old house they lived in, with its four sickly Lombardy poplars in front, was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it, — sombre, desolate, silent.

Cecilia Vaughan had been Alice Archer's bosom friend at school; and, after they left school, in spite of social disparity, the love between them had rather increased than diminished. Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed; — young men who made an ostentatious display of their affection; boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth, of elegant manners and varnished leather boots, was sure to hover round the village inn

for a few days, — was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then silently to disappear, and be seen no more.

The old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The country road was not near enough to annoy ; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. In this old-fashioned house had Cecilia Vaughan grown up to maidenhood. The travelling shadows of the clouds on the hill-sides, the sudden summer wind that lifted the languid leaves, and, most of all, the mysterious mountain, whose coolness was a perpetual invitation to her, and whose silence a perpetual fear, fostered her dreamy and poetic temperament. Her mother had been dead for many years, and the memory of that mother had become almost a religion to her. Her father was a kindly old man ; a judge in one of the courts ; dignified, affable, somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it.

Alice is more distinct, and better drawn than her friend, for this very obvious reason, — that it is infinitely easier to portray the real feeling of a melancholy child of nature, than catch and convey the true character of a woman with a light heart and something of the world in her. It required quite as much genius to delineate Julia Mannering, as Rebecca the Jewess or Minna Troil, and far more care and experience.

We have now prepared the village of Fairmeadow for Kavanagh's reception. Mr. Pendexter, the old-fashioned Evangelical parson, has evacuated, at the request of his parishioners, but not without preaching a pathetic and withering valedictory. Then, as the school-girl's letter has it, — which, by the way, is one of the cleverest and best-contrived performances of its kind we know of, —

“ The church has been repaired, and we have a new mahogany pulpit. Mr. Churchill bought the old one, and had it put up in his study. What a strange man he is ! A good many candidates have preached for us. The only one we like is Mr. Kavanagh. Arthur Kavanagh ! is not that a romantic name ? He is tall, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and hair ! Sally — Alice Archer's Sally — says ‘ he is not a man ; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw ! ’ I think he is very handsome. And such sermons ! So beautifully written, so different from old Mr. Pendexter's.”

So much for public impression ; now for the author's conception : —

"Arthur Kavanagh was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had purchased from the Baron Victor of St. Castine a portion of his vast estates, lying upon the wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine. There, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of that faith which had been first planted there by Rasle and St. Castine.

"In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave, taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she could not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spake to him of God. She taught him his letters from the Lives of the Saints; she explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends; the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works; things which ever afterward remained associated together in his mind. Thus, holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body.

"Of all the legends of the mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him was the legend of St. Christopher. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained for ever in his mind as a lovely allegory of *active charity* and a *willingness to serve*.

"But the time at length came, when his father decreed that he must be sent away to school. He must go to the Jesuit College in Canada, leaving behind him all the endearments of home, and a wound in his mother's heart that never ceased to ache; a longing, unsatisfied and insatiable, for her absent Arthur, who had gone from her, perhaps for ever.

"At length his college days were ended. He returned home full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea-shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real. For affairs he had no aptitude; and he betook himself again to his philosophic and theological studies. He pondered with fond enthusiasm on the rapturous pages of Molinos and Madame Guyon, or, in a spirit akin to that which wrote, he read the writings of St. Theresa.

"In such meditations passed many weeks and months. But mingled with them, continually and ever with more distinctness, arose in his memory the old tradition of St. Christopher, the beautiful allegory of humility and labor. It became more and more

evident to him, that the life of man consists, not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in *active charity and willing service*.

"Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. It was impossible to hear of Calvin without hearing of Servetus; to read Athanasius without reading also of Arian. The search after Truth and Freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul. *By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof,* still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in it that was holy, and pure, and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity.* Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest to him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, *with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John.*"

We shall briefly conclude the story, and return to this most important chapter. With the spring, and the flowers, and the birds, came Kavanagh to the village. The first thing he remarked, and it cheered and consoled him, was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon him, during the whole discourse, with unflagging interest and

* If the difference was so slight, and the change no more than represented, why did Kavanagh cease to be a Catholic and become a Protestant, or rather Puseyitish Unitarian? Does not the author perceive, that, just in proportion as he diminishes the importance of the change, does he weaken the motives to make it? If Kavanagh remained in the same building, continued to worship under the ample roof of the same spacious temple, he continued to retain substantially his Catholic faith, and then, in professing himself a Protestant, must have believed that he was incurring the damnation of his own soul. Moreover, if he still recognized his former religion as substantially true, he could not have supposed that he at all endangered his salvation by remaining a Catholic, and then he could have been influenced only by worldly motives, or temporal interests, in avowing himself a Protestant. Does Mr. Longfellow mean to teach that there are only worldly reasons for being a Protestant rather than a Catholic, and thus, by implication, avow that he himself would be a Catholic, if he consulted only the salvation of his soul? This is no strained inference from his doctrine, and we have not the shadow of a doubt that it is true with regard to Protestants generally. They would all be Catholics, if they consulted only their own spiritual welfare, and are Protestants only because they wish to enjoy the world, and live without having to practise the rigid self-denial Catholicity enjoins.

attention. She sat alone in a pew near the pulpit. It was Alice Archer.

Alas for Alice ! he soon met Miss Vaughan at the taxidermist's. She had come to purchase a carrier-pigeon to conduct a correspondence between herself and Alice. As she departed, he said, half aloud, — " Of course she would never think of marrying a poor clergyman ! "

A week later Kavanagh was installed in a little room in the church-tower. He had become intimate with Churchill, and completed the first great cycle of parochial visits, besides working assiduously at his sermons. His words were always kindly ; but while he was gentle, he was firm. In short, he completely enchanted the congregation. He did not suggest many changes, but showed that some relics of Catholic good taste and feeling were in him, by desiring the organist to relinquish the old and pernicious habit of preluding with triumphal marches, or playing scraps of regular music very slowly to make them sacred, and substitute, instead of this and his own barbarous conceptions, some of the beautiful symphonies of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Sebastian Bach.

Meanwhile, the church-bells of Fairmeadow, like those of Varennes, kept sounding, " Marry thee, marry thee, marry, marry ! " and the Roaring Brook responded sympathetically to the peal. We cannot narrate all the incidents of the pleasure-party ; but this one circumstance makes us wish Cecilia a little more gifted or a little less in love : —

" ' How indescribably beautiful this brown water is ! ' exclaimed Kavanagh. ' It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus ; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from her goblet. '

" ' More like the mead or metheglin of the Northern gods, ' said Mr. Churchill, ' spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla. '

" But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two. "

We half suspect the humor of that passage to have been obtained more by accident than design ; the touch is so exquisitely fine, that it suggests the sponge of Protogenes.

Cecilia's hand trembled in Kavanagh's, and his soul was softened within him. The day passed delightfully with all.

But Alice Archer ? The carrier-pigeon was flying from her to Cecilia, when, pursued by a kingfisher, it darted into Kavanagh's room. A billet was beneath its wing addressed " Cecilia. " The bird was then on its way to her. Seizing a pen, he

wrote his love, and fastened the note to the silken band around the messenger's neck.

Disordered by its flight, the dove flew back to Alice, who, mistaking Kavanagh's epistle for Cecilia's answer, opened and read it. It was an impulse, an ejaculation of love, every line quivering with electric fire, signed "Arthur Kavanagh." But in the ecstasy of her joy and wonder that her prayer for Kavanagh's love should have been answered, her eye fell, for the first time, on the superscription; — it was "Cecilia Vaughan." Alice fainted. Her first act on recovering was to reseal the note, and send the bird to its proper destiny.

Cecilia's answer was brief, — "Come to me!" — and the magic syllables brought Kavanagh to her side.

That afternoon Cecilia went to Alice to *tell* her of what had happened, and accept her *congratulations*. In her happiness Cecilia saw not her poor friend's agony, but mistook her tears of blood for tears of joy. The snow of that winter fell on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan and the lonely grave of Alice Archer.

The wedding did not take place till spring. And then Kavanagh and his Cecilia departed on their journey to Italy and the East. They intended to be absent one year; they were gone three.

When they returned, they found Churchill still correcting school exercises, — his romance not yet begun, — his *Obscure Martyrs* yet unrecorded, though Alice Archer had perished broken-hearted under his eye. The curtain is then drawn over the actors for the present. Will it rise to unfold a *sequel*?

Mr. Longfellow had the good taste to make Kavanagh's conversion to Protestantism sentimental instead of logical. It was mainly effected by the legend of a giant who wished to serve Christ, but knew not how, until he heard the voice of a child crying out, "Plant thy staff in the ground and it shall blossom and bear fruit." This is emblematic of active charity and willing service, — and active charity and willing service are not to be found in Catholicity; therefore Kavanagh became a Protestant! The application of the legend is akin to that of Hawkesworth's celebrated tale of the dervise, — "No life pleasing to God that is not useful to man." It is assumed that the Catholic Church is a collection of lazy monks, nuns, and hermits, and concluded that a set of creatures politically and socially useless cannot be acceptable to God. Really, it is impossible to argue this point seriously. If rational beings, knowing well

that the Catholic Church saved Europe from barbarism, and reduced it from chaos to peace and order,—to something very different from its present condition,—knowing well that the monasteries were the model farms, the colleges, the inns, the sanctuaries of Christendom,—knowing well that Catholicity converted all Europe, and a great portion of Asia, Africa, and America, to Christianity,—if rational beings, knowing all this, and a great deal more, and having before them the Jesuit missions in North America, and Protestant exterminations in the Sandwich Islands, are still so jaundiced by prejudice as to prate of Catholic supineness and Protestant activity, we care not how soon we are complimented on our insanity.

It is extremely difficult to get Protestants to feel that the kingdom of God is not of this world,—that we are *permitted* to give up all and follow our Redeemer,—that we *may* live, not for time, but for eternity. They never will comprehend that there is still a Church that is commissioned to teach, and a body to be taught. They are incapable of perceiving that it is not every man's vocation to be a missionary; that many of us have trouble enough to save our own souls, and have to fly all contact with the temptations of society to escape defeat. Serving man is the main thing,—their primal virtue; pleasing God, secondary. Would to Heaven they would begin by loving and serving *God* with their whole souls! They would soon discover that whatever is pleasing to God *must* be useful to man, individually and collectively. They refuse to see, that if every individual purifies himself, society must be pure. They shrink from believing the salvation of a single human soul of infinitely more importance than the prosperity and glory of a nation. They never suspect that the prayers offered up on Catholic altars every minute in the year may, like the prayer of the high-priest on the battle-field, avail more than armies, and preserve a people from destruction. They little believe that the fervent aspiration of some pale, feeble daughter of St. Vincent, breathed out at the foot of the cross, for her neighbour and her country, is far more useful to mankind than pyramid, aqueduct, railroad, or telegraph, and all the committees of ways and means who were ever appointed to enlighten or bewilder themselves or their constituents.

We hope we are wrong in suspecting Mr. Longfellow of insinuating that active charity and willing service are not Catholic virtues; for he recognizes "the zeal, the self-devotion, the heavenly aspirations, the human sympathies, the endless deeds

of charity," of the Church of Christ. He seems really to have a share of Catholic feeling, — he is free from most vulgar prejudices respecting us, — he loves to speak of the sweetly sounding Angelus, and of the bells that recalled "the ages when in all Christendom there was but one Church; when bells were anointed, baptized, and prayed for, that, wheresoever those holy bells should sound, all danger of whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, and tempests might be driven away." Perhaps the legend is meant only to excite Kavanagh to action as well as meditation; still we fear not, since, immediately afterward, the author has the heart to accuse us of "bigotry, fanaticism, and intolerance."

Of Mr. Longfellow the writer of this knows nothing, save from these two little volumes. His private and public life, his pursuits, his ordinary conversation and habits, his religion, his social reputation, even the bulk of his writings, are unknown to him. Before reading *Evangeline*, he only knew him by hearsay and these three lines: —

"And our hearts, though bold and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

But in *Evangeline* we fancied that we discovered that yearning after Catholicity, so conspicuous in Wordsworth, Young, Coleridge, Shelley, and Walter Scott, — a yearning that every man of genius has often felt and expressed. In Mr. Longfellow it seemed profounder, and blended with a keen relish of the beauty of Catholic life. In *Kavanagh* this yearning is still more conspicuous.

The symbolical meaning of *Evangeline* is not very evident; it seems to be a vain pursuit of earthly happiness, never attained until the soul is consecrated to God, — whilst, reactively, with Gabriel it represents man ever losing the happiness that pursues him, by his own impatience and want of resignation. Mr. Longfellow is German enough to conceive these double allegories.

In *Kavanagh* the allegory is palpable. Kavanagh is a liberal æsthetic church. He brought out of the old faith all that was holy, pure, and of good repute, and left behind all its bigotry, fanaticism, and intolerance; he embraced the duties and responsibilities, the trials and discouragements of the ministry, with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John, and found a reasonable amount of temporal felicity in the eyes and arms of Cecilia Vaughan. He is a higher than the Church of England, —

higher even than Puseyism. He pines after the universality of Catholicity, — he longs for the union of all sects into one universal church, — in short, he wishes for all the truth, and grandeur, and beauty, and unity he has abandoned, without the resolution to retrace his steps and become the Catholic that he was. Is this Mr. Longfellow's case? Is *Kavanagh* to have a sequel?

The author wished to represent a fusion of Catholicity with Protestantism : — let him mix the clouds and the sun. The Church of God is not compound ; it can have no union with error ; it is pure, unchangeable, complete ; *the gentleness of John* is hers just as well as *the zeal of Peter*.

We must now conclude. The faults in *Kavanagh* resemble those in *Evangeline*, — both proceeding from a severe strain after originality resulting in deformity. For instance : — “ The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds, and they became as blood.” There is sublimity in that, however. But this is inexcusable : — “ And on the threshold stood, with his legs apart, *like a miniature colossus*, a lovely, golden boy.” But, not to multiply instances, worse than all is Mrs. Churchill showering kisses, like roses, on her husband's forehead and cheeks, “ as he passed beneath the triumphal archway of her arms, trying in vain to articulate, — ‘ My dearest Lilawati, what is the whole number of the geese ? ’ ”

But there are other faults from which *Evangeline* is free. The description of H. Adolphus Hawkins and Sally Manchester is too evidently Dickens ; and though much of the imitation is successful, there is some of it singularly unhappy. Mr. Churchill's dream smacks too strongly of Hans Christian Andersen, and in many passages there is a vein of Goethe. Still, we read and remember these volumes with pleasure, and as we recall their many beauties, their brevity, and their purity, are proud in feeling that this product of our own country is so much superior to all the imported fabric of Bulwer, James, Sue, Dumas, or even the authoress of *The Neighbours*. It has removed our antipathy to American literature, — an antipathy generated, perhaps, by old-fashioned prejudices, and an early, exclusive, and jealous devotion to the older English writers.

We have done Mr. Longfellow great injustice in abridging his narratives, and laid a severe stress upon the patience of our readers ; but we could not do otherwise. We have had two objects in view. One, to show the Catholic reader how easy

it is for genius to mould the simplest elements of Catholic life into a story full of instruction and beauty, without cramming it full of inconsequent controversy and questionable theology. How easy it would be for a pious Catholic, even of inferior genius, to present a still more charming picture, and introduce *portraits* of more real and solid excellence than either Evangeline or Father Felician ! No one is fit to write fiction, unless endowed with imagination; and it is the province of imagination not to convince the reason, but to attract the heart. If our religious novelists could get Protestants to *feel* the beauty of Catholic customs and Catholic life, they would accomplish much in thus removing a load of prejudice that impairs the proper exercise of reason. This is their legitimate sphere, and more than this they cannot effect. An acquaintance with the interior loveliness of Catholic life may remove the bigotry of Protestants, but reason, prayer, and the grace of God can alone convert them to Catholicity.

Our other object, however imperfectly pursued, has been to caution our author against the originality of extravagance and distortion; to stimulate him to higher things, yet confine him where he is truly excellent and original, — in the delineation of pastoral simplicity, and in the masterly use of action by which the most delicate shades of thought and feeling become visible; to protest against introducing characters, as he does over and over again in *Kavanagh*, merely as the media of some of the author's opinions utterly apart from the purpose of his work, — excrescences, digressions, patchwork, — matter made up and laid by long ago, — old cloth fringed with new lace. There is little incident in his books, — we care not for that; so much the better, though the taste of the age covets it, — but what incident there is should have regularity, proportion, and unity. We saw that all most beautiful, holy, and pure in these volumes emanated from an acquaintance, however imperfect, with Catholic life and feeling, and we had a faint hope, an earnest ambition, of inducing him to study more closely a Church to whose truth and splendor he is not insensible. Then would he discover beauty and majesty, purity and truth, far beyond a poet's conception; then would he discover that her ornaments, her music, her painting, her statues, her aisles, and her bells, are but the offerings of piety and genius which she alone can inspire, — that she is not dependent on them, but they on her, — that all that is noblest in man must surround her, because she is invested with eternal beauty, — that she cannot avoid what Protestantism

never can attain, for they follow and cling to her like verdure and lilies and date-trees over the Nile, as, scattering blessings, she rolls steadily along in majesty and usefulness, adorning and redeeming the desert of life. Then would he find the true application of the Shawnee's legend, that Protestantism is Mowis ; —

“ Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the
forest.”

And when he has found that, let him apply to himself the farewell warning he gives to Churchill : —

“ Stay, stay the present instant !
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings !
O, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee ! ”

ART. IV. — *Conversations of an Old Man and his Young Friends.* — No. I.

F. I HAVE been told that your views on most subjects were not always what they now are. My father says he has known you when you boasted of being a liberalist in politics and in religion, when you professed yourself a firm believer in the progress of the race, and were really a man of the modern world, sympathizing with humanity, and foremost in the various socialist movements of the day.

B. I did not, as a young man, differ much from most young men of ardent temperaments, lively sensibilities, generous impulses, and little practical knowledge ; I said and did a great many foolish things.

C. You will hardly persuade your young friends that it is foolish to sympathize with our kind, to feel that every man is our brother, to plead for the wronged, and to devote ourselves heart and soul to the progress of liberty, and the meliora-

tion of society, especially of the poorer and more numerous classes.

B. We are, till after long and sometimes bitter experience, the dupes of words and phrases. It is not difficult to disguise mischievous purposes in fine words; it is also easy, in pursuing even a laudable object, to say and do a great many foolish things. It may be very laudable to fell a tree that cumpers the ground, or hides our prospect, but not very wise to attempt to do it by climbing up and beginning at the top. It is rather foolish to cut off the branch on which we must stand. We may fall and break our necks, and not accomplish our purpose after all.

G. By which you would admonish us that our ends are not necessarily good because we express them in fine phrases, and that even good ends are wisely sought only by appropriate and adequate means?

B. Precisely, my young friend. Schiller's Marquis of Posa bids us remember, when we are old, the dreams of our youth. Some follow his direction, and remain ignorant in spite of experience. Others do not. It is not, as you youngsters suppose, that we harden with age, grow cold and selfish, and cease to interest ourselves in the welfare of others; it is that we profit by experience, and that a wider survey of men and things, a deeper insight into the springs of human action, individual and social, enable us to see what we proposed in the ardor of youth is seldom desirable, and when desirable, seldom practicable. Youth deals mostly in generals, and rarely descends to particulars. The evils which afflict the individual and society spring chiefly from moral causes, from inordinate desires, and unrestrained passions. The methods of amelioration which our young enthusiasm proposes appeal exclusively to these for their support, and can only strengthen them, and aggravate the evils we seek to remove.

O. Pardon me, but I am a little impatient at the outcry which even you do not disdain to echo against human nature. I have never been able to see any truth or justice in this perpetual admonition to restrain our feelings and subdue our passions. The moralist seems to me to make himself the accomplice of the despot.

C. All our native instincts, unperverted feelings, and generous sentiments are for liberty. They lead us to resist the tyrant, and where they have free scope, tyranny can never gain a permanent establishment. The tyrant would repress them,

annihilate them, so that we may have no spirit or disposition to rebel against him. It is the fox preaching to the geese, the wolf to the lamb.

B. All very spiritedly said, my young friends ; but it is nothing very novel. I have in the course of my life said as much, and a great deal more. All authority appears to us in youth very hateful. We see not its reason or necessity, and we fancy that it only creates the crimes that it punishes. I thought my mother was exceedingly tyrannical, when she gave me, then a boy some four or five years old, a severe whipping for telling a lie. I have lived long enough to thank her for that whipping over and over again ; for it impressed indelibly upon my memory this important lesson, — If you speak at all, speak the truth. Indeed, all authority that restrains us, or hinders us from doing whatever we wish, seems to us tyrannical. Tyranny is always odious, and so we conclude that we ought to be freed from all restraint, and at liberty to follow our inclinations. Since our inclinations, instincts, feelings, passions, resist whatever resists them, we conclude that they are intrinsically opposed to tyranny, and that whoever would restrain them is a tyrant, deserving of universal execration. God, indeed, gives us no faculties that it is unlawful to exercise — in a lawful manner, and he requires the physical destruction of no element of that nature which he has created. All the several elements of our nature may be exercised, but they are to be exercised in the order the Creator intended, in due subordination, the lower to the higher ; or, in other words, order and harmony are to be maintained in the bosom of the individual, and between individual and individual, and you will need very little experience of practical life to learn that this is impossible without authority and self-denial. We see not this at first, but gradually it dawns on our minds, and by and by becomes clear to us, and from hot-headed radicals, clamoring for liberty, seeking the elevation of mankind and social progress by removing all restraints, and giving loose reins to appetite and passion, we become sober conservatives, insisting upon submission to authority, obedience to law, as the first lesson to be taught, and the first to be learned.

F. I do not object to all authority ; for one needs not to have lived long to be aware that order is desirable, and that it is not possible, without authority of some sort, to maintain it. But I want order with liberty, not order without liberty.

O. The authority should be reasonable, and govern by

appeals to reason, not by a resort to physical force, as if man were a brute.

B. I am not learned in such matters, but I have heard it stated, that man combines in his animal nature the distinctive traits of every species of animal with which we are acquainted. Certain it is, that he has an animal nature distinct from his rational nature, and that he is often beastly in his habits, and brutish in his conduct. It is not seldom that it is necessary to treat him as a wild colt or an unruly ox. Physical force is frequently the only force that can restrain him, and corporal chastisement the only argument he is able to appreciate. The fine sentimentalisms now so common are very becoming in the young men and maidens who delight in them. One is rarely pleased to see an old head upon young shoulders. I am always afraid of a very wise youth. It is unnatural, almost monstrous. I am never displeased to hear the young and inexperienced protest against the use of the rod, and, in their sprightly way, maintain that parents and magistrates should always govern by moral suasion, — by love. It carries me back to my own spring-time of life, before I had dreamed the support for virtue which the sentiments afford is very precarious, or how hard it is, even when one's reason is fully convinced, to resist passion, or to overcome inveterate habits. Parents and magistrates should, unquestionably, govern by love, but love, if worthy of the name, is far more an affection of the rational than of the sensitive nature. It is often the highest proof of love the parent can give, to chastise his child, and the prince would show little love to his subjects, and have little claim to be called the father of his people, if he should do nothing to protect the innocent, and to repress crime by punishing the guilty.

F. I think authority, whether parental or civil, relies too little on moral power. The parent would succeed better if he would pay more respect to the reason of the child, and the prince would have less occasion to resort to physical force, if he would be more ready to treat his subjects as reasonable beings.

O. I would have authority appeal always to reason and affection. We obey cheerfully and readily, when we obey from conviction and love.

B. Authority is bound to be reasonable, and has no right to exact any thing contrary to reason or justice. Yet whatever *legitimate* authority commands must be presumed to be reasonable, till the contrary is established, and whether we see its

reasonableness or not, it is ours to obey for conscience' sake. As long as it commands nothing contrary to the law of God, its commands are binding upon us, and cannot be lawfully disregarded. Authority is under no obligation to reason with its subjects, and I have seldom seen good come from its attempts to set forth the reasons of its acts. The parent who reasons with his child usually wastes his breath. He who is so unreasonable as to demand what is not reasonable, will seldom prove himself a good reasoner. The reasons can rarely be given, because they for the most part surpass the child's comprehension.

When my eldest son was born, I entertained the doctrine contended for by my young friends. My child was never to be crossed, no restraint was ever to be placed upon his will or inclination; I would use only moral suasion, and induce him to conform to my wishes by simple appeals to his reason and affection. It did not occur to me that moral suasion can have little efficacy with a child not yet capable of moral action. I tried, however, to carry out my theory. I soon found that it was founded in sheer ignorance, and, if practicable at all, could be so only by having two or three grown persons of extraordinary natural endowments, and rare accomplishments, whose sole business it should be to attend upon one child. I learned that, though affection in a child is early developed, and is never to be disregarded, yet it is seldom, if ever, sufficient to enable him to resist the ten thousand temptations he has to do what his own preservation requires him not to do. He must be restrained long before he can in any possible way understand the reason of the restraint. Even when sufficiently advanced to understand it, in some measure, it is not enough to induce him to practise the requisite self-denial. My experience taught me that long moral lectures have as little effect on children as they usually have on grown people. A word, a proper word, in the proper tone, at the proper time, is useful; beyond, the fewer words we use the better. The child must be made to obey, and obey because his father bids. "I your father bid," is the only proper reason to address to a child, — at least till the habit of obedience is well formed. Taking care to be uniformly reasonable, just, and kind, the parent will have, in ordinary cases, rarely occasion to resort to coercion; but sometimes, let him do the best he can, he will find the rod indispensable.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and are always in

need of tutors and governors. We can count on their good behaviour no farther than they are imbued with the principle of obedience ; and that is no obedience at all which is yielded only from private conviction and inclination. If our reason, love, feelings, inclinations, are on the side of authority, and go with its requirements, so much the easier will it be for us to obey ; but if we refuse to obey when what is commanded demands their sacrifice, we lack the principle of obedience. We must obey, whether agreeable to our feelings and convictions or not.

C. That appears to me to be pushing the matter rather too far. It denies to me the right to have any will of my own, and may make it my duty to act contrary to my own convictions.

B. It undoubtedly does not favor what is called the right of private judgment ; but that is no solid objection. Private judgment and authority, in the same matter, are not reconcilable. The subject cannot be both subject and sovereign. The world for three hundred years has been trying to solve the problem, how authority can be authority and yet not be authority, — how men can be governed where all are governors and none are governed ; but it does not appear to have made much progress. Where the sovereign has the right to command, the subject is bound to obey, and has no right to have any will of his own other than his sovereign's will. We have no right *over* our sovereign, or to sit in judgment on our judge. Our will should be to conform to the will of God, expressed by himself through such organs as he has constituted, and we have no right to have any will or any conviction to the contrary.

F. Nothing is more sacred than a man's own convictions, and I know of no more intolerable tyranny than that which compels him to do violence to them.

O. It is because religion, or what claims to be religion, fails to respect our private convictions, because it tramples on the sacred rights of the mind, and prohibits free inquiry, free thought, free speech, and free action, that so many in the modern world are opposed to it. No man wishes to be without religion, and every one would willingly embrace a religion which should not demand the sacrifice of his manhood.

C. The priesthood seem to me to stand greatly in their own light. They do not appear to comprehend the age. The dominant sentiment of our age is the love of freedom, of hu-

manity, and it will not submit to be directed by those who seek to repress its lofty aspirations and its noble energies. If the clergy would respect the age, it would respect them ; but it has sworn it will not bow its neck to the yoke of servitude, and surrender its conscience to those who will not respect its rights.

B. It was Lucifer, I believe, that Milton represents as saying, —

“Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.”

But Lucifer finds less freedom in reigning than St. Michael in serving. The principle of license, and that of despotism, are one and the same, and the clamor for freedom usually indicates only impatience of law, and the desire for the predominance of mere will, — the essential principle of despotism. Your radical is always an ingrained despot, who, finding he cannot himself rule, resolves that nobody shall rule. Clothe him with authority, and he forthwith institutes the Reign of Terror. You never find your Robespierres as moderate in the exercise of power as even your Mirabeaus, your Ledru-Rollins as your Lamartines, your Thierses as your Guizots. That the dominant spirit of our age is freedom from all restraint may be true enough, but I have never read of an age, claiming to be civilized, in which there was less of the spirit of true liberty, or in which tyranny, under the form either of anarchy or of despotism, more abounded. The age not only has failed to establish liberty in any proper sense of the term, but has labored, not unsuccessfully, to render its establishment for a long time to come extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible. The revolutionary efforts throughout Europe, in our day, to introduce democracy, have loosened the bands of society, to a great extent destroyed respect for law, and left authority no possible means of preserving itself and maintaining social order but the resort to physical force. I can prudently give a child who I know will not abuse it far more liberty than I can one who I know will use whatever liberty I give him only for his and my ruin. Government threatened in its very existence by a numerous band of restless spirits, who are constantly plotting against it, is obliged to resort to the most stringent measures of repression, — measures which would be as unjustifiable as unnecessary, if the whole population were submissive and loyal.

The great mass of the people are easily imposed upon.

Let a number of men set up and continue for a certain length of time the cry, that religion is hostile to freedom, and they begin to think that there must be something in it. Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Religion certainly is opposed to license, it certainly does require us to practise self-denial, but this simply proves that it is the necessary basis of all true liberty. There is no liberty without justice, and justice is inconceivable without religion. What you call freedom of mind is its slavery, did you but know it. The mind was created for truth, and finds its freedom, as its food, only in the possession of truth. Without truth it has no free movement, no active force, no life, but necessarily droops, withers, and dies. A worse calamity is not conceivable, than to be doomed to be ever seeking the truth and never to find it. He who is so doomed has no resting-place, no repose. He has no solid footing; at every step, he feels the ground give way beneath him. Darkness is before him, darkness is behind him. He cannot see his hand before his face, and yet he must move on, for to stand still is to sink into the abyss; but whither, he sees not. He knows not where he is, or in what direction he is moving, or ought to move. It is idle to pretend that such a man has freedom of mind, for he has no mind at all, — cannot make up his mind on any thing.

My young friends do not at this moment appreciate what I am saying, for they have not yet felt the pressure of life. They are just entering what appears to them a career of free inquiry, — buoyant and hopeful, sustained in part by their animal spirits, and in part by the truths they have learned from their tutors and governors, and which they have not as yet wholly effaced from their minds. They are charmed, too, by the novelty of their situation and the freshness of their emotions, and borne onward by the excitement of the exercise. But the excitement will soon subside, the freshness will fade, the novelty will wear off, and the heart and soul will cry out for their appropriate food. It is dangerous tampering with the eternal laws of God; a day of vengeance is sure to come. If you are not among those, as I trust you are not, who cannot learn even in the school of experience, you will one day cease to find delight in the pursuit of what continues constantly to elude your grasp, and will fall back upon yourselves weary and disheartened; a universal lassitude will succeed to your present buoyancy, your hopes will be withered, and nothing will remain for you but to seek forgetfulness in sensual gratification, or in the vice of avarice or ambition.

Strike out religion and morality, and nothing remains but our animal nature and its objects. The sensualist did not begin in gross sensualism. He began in soft and sweet sentiments, which, as he was conscious of no impure intention, he imagined to be pure, and such as he could safely indulge. Nay, he imagined it almost a sin to forego them. Day by day they grew upon him by indulgence, till they became too strong for ordinary virtue to repress, and then he found them to have been only the germs of beastly vices and grievous sins. The beginnings of all vice and crime are pleasant and sweet to our animal nature ; but all emotions or sentiments originating in that nature are vice and crime, when fully developed. "Every man is tempted, being drawn away by his own concupiscence, [or lusts,] and allured. Then when concupiscence hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin ; but sin when it is completed begetteth death." The modern world followeth concupiscence, the inferior or irrational nature. It began in what is most pleasing and seductive in that nature, which it dignifies with the names of liberty and philanthropy. But these when taken as affections of the animal, not of the rational soul, can be followed only on condition that we gradually discard both revealed religion and natural. Hence you find that your modern reformers, notwithstanding their fine words and lofty phrases, tend with all their energy to establish the supremacy of the flesh over the spirit. Hence their breach with the past. The past has labored, not indeed always with complete success, to institute and maintain a social and political order in which the rational nature should be supreme, and the animal be subordinate, and held, as far as possible, in subjection. This our reformers condemn ; they seek to organize society and the state on an entirely different set of principles, so that intellect and reason shall be the mere instruments of appetite and passion. It could not be otherwise ; for the flesh knoweth not God, and, if followed, excludes God and the whole rational nature.

Freedom of inquiry, thought, speech, and action, rightly understood, are no doubt good things ; but your friends who claim their exclusive possession have very little right to them. All they understand by them is freedom to think, speak, and act against religion, without losing their reputation, or suffering any social or civil inconvenience. The pick-pocket, the thief, the robber, the adulterer, the murderer, the traitor, wish, no doubt, as much, and with as much justice. I have never found unbelievers actuated by a love of truth ; I

have never found one of their number going forth in pursuit of it with a free mind, and an open heart, ready to receive it. They are all disciples of some master, and if they inquire at all, it is only to confirm their prejudices. I have no reason to think that I was, when among them, less candid, open, and truthful than the rest ; yet I never knew what it was to seek for the truth, till I became a believer. I sought to refute that doctrine, or to establish this, never distinctly to ascertain what is true doctrine ; and I embraced the truth only as it forced itself upon me. I had no intention, no thought, of becoming a Catholic ; I did not even ask myself whether Catholicity was true or false. Its truth burst of itself upon me, while I was busily engaged with something else ; and I accepted it only because I could not help it. It interfered with all my plans of life, with all my old habits, with all my associations, and was any thing but pleasant to flesh and blood. But it broke upon my mind with such clearness, distinctness, and force, that I had no power to resist it. I did not seek it, — it came of itself ; I did not find it, — it found me, and took me captive, and carried me away in spite of myself.

I have looked over no small portion of the literature of the modern Liberal world ; I have looked in vain for some trace of free, strong, and manly thought. Your most admired authors are cramped in their movements, narrow and superficial in their views, and generally weak and flippant in their expressions. They are strong only in their appeals to passion, and invariably fall far below the better sort of enlightened heathen. Out of the departments of physical science and mathematics, which do not require a very high order of intellect, the greatest names you can boast are Bayle and Voltaire, and these have been able to make no real advance on Celsus and Julian. Jean Jacques Rousseau was a sophist, a puny sentimentalist, and a disgusting sensualist, who set forth nothing novel that was not false. Your English deists, Lord Herbert, Tindall, Toland, Woolston, &c., are the dullest of mortals. I never could fairly read through one of their stupid productions. Your liberals have succeeded in shaking the faith of many, in sowing doubt and despair ; but I do not call to mind a single subject on which their lucubrations have thrown new light. They only repeat one another, and are tediously monotonous in error. What are the greatest of them by the side of such men as St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome,

St. Austin, St. Gregory the Great, St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Aquin, Suarez, Bossuet, the great Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the really great men of the human race, — great as men, as scholars, thinkers, philosophers, as well as great in sanctity, the highest order of greatness, — what beside these men are your Bayles, your Voltaires, your Rousseaus, your Tom Paines, your Saint-Simons, your Owens, your Fouriers? These men were at the summit of their respective epochs, and every one of them has contributed to the sum of human knowledge and virtue.

There is no doubt the age would respect religion, if religion would respect it; but religion gives the law, it does not receive it. Unbelievers, no doubt, would accept religion, if she would make herself infidel; but has it never occurred to our wise young men, that religion become infidel is no longer religion? You remind me of my old friends, the Unitarians, who are in the habit of maintaining that their religion is the best in the world for checking the spread of infidelity, — because it presents nothing that an unbeliever can find any difficulty in accepting. It brings Christianity down to the level of the unbeliever's capacity, that is, strips it of every thing, except its name, that distinguishes it from infidelity. I know no solid reason why an unbeliever should hesitate to accept of a Christianity which requires him to change only his name. The clergy very possibly stand in their own light by not conforming to the dominant spirit of the age, — if religion be, as our sage liberals pretend, mere priestcraft, and if they seek only temporary popular applause. But the clergy are the *ministers* of religion, and have no authority over it. If they were at liberty to mould it to the various and ever-varying caprices of the multitude, to make it one thing in one age or country, and another thing in another, no sensible man could respect either it or them. It is singular that our liberals take it upon them to advise the clergy, in order to secure respect for religion, to adopt a policy which would show on its very face that they hold religion to be mere craft and imposition, and still more singular that they should suppose any friend to religion should not see that their advice is that of an enemy.

O. Yet the clergy, as a body, have always shown themselves hostile to liberty, and have never sufficiently urged the importance of improving society, and elevating the lower classes.

C. Their chief study relates to another world, and they

appear to have proceeded on the principle, that it matters little what is our condition in this world, if we but secure the salvation of our souls in the world to come.

F. They proceed as if the chief business of religion were not to teach us how to live, but how to die, — as if we had nothing to do in this world but to get out of it the best way we can !

B. That the clergy have as a body been opposed to what is sometimes called liberty is no doubt true, — but this is to their honor. There can be no question that they have taken the words of their Master literally, “ Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice ” ; but this does not prove that they have at all neglected man’s social well-being, for the only certain way of making sure of earth is first to make sure of heaven. He who lives solely for heaven lives the best life even for this world. The clergy, as a body, have always been the friends of liberty, but they very frequently deny that what some men call liberty is liberty, and I know no reason for asserting that they have less authority than their opponents to define what is, or is not, true liberty. They certainly teach that this world is not our abiding-place, that we are here only pilgrims and sojourners, that we are here to prepare for another world, for the return to our native country. If in this they are right, — and which of my young friends dares say they are wrong ? — this world is, in itself considered, a matter of no importance, and social well-being, save in its bearing on our eternal welfare, deserves no attention. That state of society which is the most favorable to preparation for heaven, is the best. Supposing, then, the clergy do as you allege, it is only a proof that they are faithful to their God and to the human soul ; and if my young friends were to inquire into the matter, they would find that the evils they complain of result solely from attachment to the world, from giving it an undue place in our affections, and from not following the teaching of the clergy, and trampling the world beneath our feet. If all men would live for heaven, and not for earth, there would be no tyranny, no oppression, no political or social evils. “ Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be superadded to you.” This world feeds only our animal nature, and you should be prepared to maintain that man ought to live as a mere animal, before you venture to urge your objection to the Christian doctrine of detachment and self-denial.

O. Supposing Christianity to be true, the clergy are, no doubt, justifiable; but the very fact that it enjoins this detachment and self-denial is to me the best of all reasons for believing it false.

B. That is, Christianity is false because it asserts in man something superior to the human animal, and for man a higher destiny than that of the beasts that perish! Whatever asserts the superiority of the soul over the body, and teaches us to live for the soul instead of the body, is false! My young friend, I grant, is consistent with himself.

F. But is it not an objection to the Church, that she uniformly frowns upon all efforts to ameliorate the political and social condition of mankind?

B. I am not aware that she ever does so. She may frown upon the efforts of hot-headed radicals and savage revolutionists, for she does not recognize the so-called "sacred right of insurrection" as one of her dogmas. She enjoins obedience to legitimate authority, so long as it commands nothing contrary to the law of God, and therefore regards sedition, insurrection, rebellion, as sins against God, no less than as crimes against the state. But she is always on the side of honest freedom, and never fails to exert all her influence to lessen political and social evils, and to augment the sum of political and social well-being.

C. Before you became a Catholic, you were the friend of the people, ready to do battle to the best of your ability in their cause; now we find you siding with the people's masters, sympathizing with the despotic governments that, in the recent revolutions in Europe, have repressed the popular movements for liberty. Is it not because your religion requires you to do so?

B. There are several ways of telling a story. In my youth I was a wild radical, and sympathized with rebels wherever I found them, — unless rebels against the authority of the mob. I took it for granted, that all old institutions are bad, and tend only to restrain the free spirit of man, and I looked upon every established government as necessarily tyrannical, and hostile to liberty. Whoever seeks to demolish old institutions, and to overthrow all fixed government, belongs, I said, to the party of progress, and is on the side of humanity. I sympathized with Lucifer in his rebellion against the Almighty, and with admiration heard him say, in Milton, after his defeat, —

"All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate

And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me : to bow and sue for grace,
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire, — that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ; since by fate the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
 Since through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

But in those mad days when I was animated by the spirit of the age, I was any thing but a friend to the people.

I have not sympathized with the recent European revolutions, not, indeed, because I am hostile to the people, but because I love them and wish their good. Kings and nobles are nothing to me. What have I to gain by opposing popular frenzy, and telling the people they are fools and mad ? Am I not one of the people ? Is not my earthly lot, and that of my children, bound up with theirs ? Why should I desert my old friends, and expose myself to the reproach and obloquy of popular leaders ? I do not concede that nobody understands or seeks the good of the people but radicals, Red Republicans, communists, and socialists. I oppose these because they are the enemies of the people, as well as of God. Men who consult the lessons of past experience, who respect the wisdom of past ages, and uniformly act under an abiding sense of their accountability, are fully as likely to understand and seek the real good of the people, as your atheistical and immoral revolutionists, who despise all knowledge, wisdom, or authority but their own.

I can hardly restrain my indignation when I find our liberal press representing these recent revolutions as attempted in favor of the people. A more God-forgetting and God-forsaken set of mortals it would be difficult to find, than the leaders of the European liberals, who excited these revolutions and sought through them to introduce popular government in the European states. There may be here and there an honest man in the ranks of the party, but among the chiefs I have not found a single one worthy of the least respect for his moral principles or his practical virtue. Some of them have received

a passable education, — are not deficient either in scientific culture or refinement of manners, — but as yet not a great man, a man of a high order of character, has appeared among them. Mazzini has low cunning and some rhetorical ability ; Lamartine is a mere phrase-monger, and Kossuth is a whimpering sentimentalist. Bem and Dembinski, their ablest generals, have proved what they were by turning Turks, — if reports are to be credited. Ledru Rollin is a cross between Marat and Robespierre. Nothing in the world is easier than to gain a reputation by opposing authority, declaiming for liberty, and professing unlimited devotion to the cause of the people. One needs but rattle off a few commonplaces for liberty, or against despotism, to gain the admiration of the multitude, and the name of patriot and people's friend. Chime in with popular passions, and those passions will swell your voice, and sustain you — for a time.

I was trained to sympathize with European liberals, and to receive as so much law and gospel whatever received the sanction of French infidels, Polish and Italian refugees, and English Whigs. In later years I have asked myself what European liberals, or the liberals in any country, from the Gracchi down to our own time, have ever effected for the liberty or the happiness of the people. In modern times they have frequently been in power. They were in power in England in the seventeenth century ; they beheaded their king, brushed away the lords temporal and the lords spiritual, and had every thing their own way. The nation gladly, to get rid of their misrule, submitted, under Cromwell, to a military despotism, — to a slavery hitherto unknown in England. They were in power in Holland under the De Witts, and brought their country to the verge of ruin. They were in power in France in 1789, 1830, and in 1848, and in each instance, as long as they held the power, terror reigned, and there was no security for person or property. Never do they rise to power but they prove themselves real despots, savages, and butchers. No nation has yet been found that could for any considerable length endure their sway, or that has not on the very first opportunity thrown them off. Religion and philosophy teach us that it must be so, and history proves that it is so. The reason is, that every liberal is by nature a despot, and it is his spirit of lawlessness and insubordination that places him in opposition to authority. However he may disguise the matter from himself or others, he wishes to be governed only by his

own will, that is, to make his own will the government, which is the essential principle of despotism. When I hear a man declaiming lustily for liberty, I suspect it is for liberty to debauch my wife, to pick my pocket, or cut my throat.

If you are wise, you will place no confidence in European liberals. You cannot rely on one of their statements. They fear not God, and regard not man. The truth is the last thing in the world they see or choose to tell, and whoever has in these days relied on their published statements has found himself deceived. Witness the case of the Hungarians. Up to the very last moment, the liberal press in Europe and this country teemed with glowing accounts of the successes of the Hungarians, and the defeats of the Russo-Austrian forces, while every man not blinded by his sympathy with the rebels knew that these successes and defeats were pure inventions, — as well as every body knows now that the Russo-Austrian army met with no serious check even once during the whole campaign.

In none of the European states was a revolution called for. Abuses of administration there may have been, but it is well known that the governments were doing their best to correct them ; evils, no doubt, there were, but chiefly of that nature which no government can reach, and which will generally be greater under a democratic government than any other. As a Catholic I complain of nearly all the European governments, for their denial of the freedom of religion, and their taking into their own hands the business of education, which of right belongs to the Church ; but besides this I am aware of no well-grounded complaint that could be brought against any of the European governments, and this was no ground of complaint with the liberals. None of them were tyrannical, or showed any disposition to tyrannize over their subjects, and whatever severity they practised was practised against those only who were continually conspiring to overthrow them. The complaints of the liberals were ridiculous. “ The government won’t keep still and suffer us to destroy it. It is detestably tyrannical. It has no respect for the rights of the people ; it puts down free discussion ; it insults the majesty of reason, and tramples intellect in the dust. It puts out the light of the soul, and involves man in darkness. It will not let us quietly cut its throat, and insists that we shall demean ourselves as good citizens and loyal subjects ! ” This is the sum and substance of their complaint, as you may gather, if you will, even from the *Mie Prigione* of Silvio Pellico.

F. But do you not overlook the fact, that all the European governments were antipopular in their constitution? The liberals were struggling to introduce popular forms of government as the condition and guaranty of popular liberty. In this I sympathize with them, and regret that the combined forces of the crowned despots have been able to triumph over them.

O. Their triumph is only for a time. The friends of the people, European democrats, are defeated, but not subdued, nor even disheartened. They have not struggled in vain; their cause lives; the sacred fire of popular liberty is still cherished, and they will conquer at last.

“ Yet, Freedom! yet, thy banner torn, but flying,
Screams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and its rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.”

The people have been awakened, and tyrants will never charm them to sleep again. Henceforth no throne is firm, no crown sits secure. The struggle will never cease till the people obtain their rights.

B. My young friends, I see, do not lack the power to declaim. But lofty words and high-sounding periods cost little expenditure of thought. I am no prophet, and therefore shall not undertake to say what will or will not occur hereafter. I do not, however, think the struggle between society and its enemies is by any means ended. There is no doubt great truth in what you say about the people having been awakened. So large a portion of the European population have been rendered dissatisfied with their condition, — have been made to believe that their sufferings are due to bad government, or to a falsely organized society, and induced to hope amelioration only from popular institutions, — that I do not believe the democratic movement will suddenly subside; and the youngest of you probably will not live long enough to see social peace restored, and legitimate government at liberty to devote all its energies to the welfare and prosperity of its subjects.

If I, like my young friends, believed that popular liberty and democracy were inseparable, and that it is impossible to have one without the other, I should undoubtedly think and feel very differently, in respect of European liberals, from what I do at present. But you liberals are too illiberal for me.

You are political bigots, and would compel us all to think as you do. You will allow of no political salvation out of democracy. I cannot stand that. I nowhere read that Almighty God declares all forms of government, except the democratic, are illegitimate. When he himself framed immediately a civil polity for his chosen people, it was not the democratic. The Jewish polity was, as near as it can be described by comparison with secular governments generally, a federative aristocracy, under the hierarchy, which was monarchical. The Church has never made democracy a dogma of faith, and I have never been able to find in the Holy Scriptures a single passage that gives the preference to the democratic over other forms of government. If I find myself the citizen of a democratic state, I hold myself bound to sustain democracy. I am a republican by habit, association, and by preference for my own country ; but, excepting my own country and Switzerland, I know of no country in which the introduction of democratic republicanism would not sacrifice liberty, and prove a curse to the people. I therefore do not regard European liberals as worthy of our sympathy because they are struggling for democracy. That is rather a ground of accusation against them.

It is very easy to call the emperors of Russia and Austria despots and tyrants, to rail at Metternich, and pronounce Haynau a butcher, to call the victims of their just punishment the martyrs of liberty, and to brand as enemies of the people all who will not say as much. Nay, it is not difficult to make the dear people themselves believe so. But it will take much to convince me that Nicholas of Russia is not a better man than Joseph Mazzini, Haynau a better friend of the people than the weak and whimpering Kossuth, or that Prince Metternich has not done more for real liberty and the welfare of the people of Europe, during the last thirty years, than has been done by all your liberals from Hampden to M. Proudhon. I do not expect you to believe me to-day. You are young, and filled with the spirit of liberalism. You have not yet learned that the first lesson in freedom is submission to authority, and the practice of self-denial. There is and can be no freedom for irreligious men, or a godless nation. Never is it the free government that makes a free people ; always is it the free people that makes the free government. You may turn the matter over as you will, to this you must come at last. "If the Son make you free, you shall be free indeed." If he does not, you are slaves in democratic America no less than in despotic Turkey.

ART. V. — *Solution de Grands Problèmes, mise à la portée de tous les Esprits.* Par l'Auteur de Platon-Polichinelle. Lyon. 1847. 4 tomes. 18mo.

AT a period like the one in which we live, when the civil commotions which agitate the nations of the Old World, and the uneasiness which exists amongst the instructed of all classes and creeds in the New, offer to the mind of the Christian philosopher strong indications of a conflict far more important than that of nation against nation, sect against sect, and subjects against their rulers, — when men are so apt to stand firmly in the position they assume, and to pronounce emphatically and to act energetically for the cause into whose scale they throw their influence, — it is extremely necessary for each one to understand clearly the programme, so to speak, by which he is to abide, or whose provisions he is to oppose. The irresolute, the wavering, the inconstant, of both sides, are those who render most difficult a mutually satisfactory understanding. While others find it a difficult task to define what principles such doubtful champions embody, they themselves feel the effects of drowsy carelessness incidental to one who knows not whence he came, or whither he is going.

The author of the celebrated work before us seems to have written especially for these victims of uncertainty, and while, by the brilliancy of his imagination, the rapidity of his argument, the lucidness of his reasoning, and the earnestness of his conclusions, he interests them in the discussion, he gives proof of so much honesty, so much warmth, so much anxiety for their welfare, that they cannot but admire his sincerity and reciprocate his affection. Less profound than Moehler, less searching than Gioberti, less eloquent than Balmes, he partakes of the genius and solidity of each of these great writers, and is more popular than any of them. He does not exactly engage you in a profound study of the principles he defends, but gives you the quintessence of his own reflections upon them, with such power of illustration, such clearness of views, such brilliancy of wit, such varied and pleasing erudition, as to force you almost to consider as absurd and ridiculous what you thought it hard for him to prove simply false. He does not merely tell you the direction in which you are going, but points out to you the end at which you will arrive, using in the mean time rather your own intellect than his, and adroitly

enlisting your good sense and your good nature against yourself. We shall be highly pleased to see an English translation of this admirable work, and we are sure that a first edition of it will be speedily exhausted. In the mean time we recommend it earnestly to all who would possess a strong Catholic statement of principle in regard to matters not strictly connected with the solemn worship of the Church, and to those who wish to place in the hands of their Protestant friends a brief and conclusive answer to the many objections and doubts which a want of any fixed principle is apt to beget.

Our object in this article is, not to review it, but to offer some reflections upon a subject incidentally connected with it, and which daily becomes more and more important,—the relative position of religion and society. Our remarks are intended chiefly for our Catholic brethren, before whom we would place such doctrines of the Church and such passages of her history as may suffice clearly to explain the influence she rightfully claims to exercise on our social relations, and the only conditions on which society can reap the fruits of her heavenly guidance and protection. It is always a more pleasing task for us to illustrate and apply our own principles, than to attack the erroneous systems of those who have not the privilege of the infallible guidance of the Church. In this spirit we enter upon the subject of *Religion in Society*, the development of which is every day becoming a more important department of our Review.

When the Son of God came down from heaven and was made man, he did not simply assume human flesh as a garment which might screen the effulgent majesty of a Divine visitor, but, intimately uniting himself with humanity, he stood before the world a real and true man in soul, in body, in all save that which alone man received not from God, the guilt of ingratitude and rebellion. The fulness of his Divine nature dwelt in human nature, by means of whose outward form he lived and moved among men, condescending to fulfil various offices which mere human persons fulfil according to their various callings. These offices and callings which we so feebly and imperfectly perform, he in a perfect manner discharged for our encouragement and instruction. Hence it is that his example presents the perfect ideal of a holy priest, a faithful friend, a dutiful son, a kind master, an upright subject, an honest neighbour, a virtuous and useful citizen.

The Church, established by him to continue throughout all

ages the mission which he discharged during his life upon earth, directs towards him the eyes of her children, and teaches even the most feeble and helpless of them to copy according to the best of their ability the perfections of his sinless character. Wherever their lot may be cast, whatever office or calling may have been apportioned to them by the hand of Providence, she teaches them to fulfil the duties of their station for the one great ultimate end of the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, — to fulfil them as nearly as possible in the manner Christ did when similarly engaged upon earth. These remarks present three ideas to the mind, viz. the Candidate, the Guide, and the Exemplar, that is to say, the Christian, the Church, and the Redeemer. The Christian is to accomplish the end for which he was created, the Church leads him onward towards its accomplishment, and Christ shows how it is to be accomplished.

Having thus stated the end to be gained, who is to gain it, and how and by what guidance he is to gain it, the question most likely to arise is, How far does the vigilance of the Church, as by Christ commissioned, extend in eliciting this sublime spirit of imitation? It extends to all time and place where God may be honored or offended, — to every soul that may be lost or saved, — to all men not sentenced already as belonging to heaven or to hell. These remarks contain the sum and substance of all the elucidations that may be required to place the formulary adopted as our subject — *Religion in Society* — in its true aspect. Many readers, however, will be apt to approach its solution from a more remote quarter, and to recall sayings quite common in our day, the truth or error of which lies back, so to speak, of the region in which we have practically opened our case. The sayings to which we allude as maxims which pass current in our day, would most likely suggest the following questions : — Has Religion any thing to do with Society? Is Society bound to take its principles from Religion? Has Religion any right to interfere with Society, except in matters connected with the solemn worship of the Creator? Does Religion, for instance, occupy herself with our business pursuits, our secular avocations, our temporal possessions, our politics, our bargains, our manners, our amusements? We can almost imagine some of our young friends who talk so loudly about the rights of the people, the temporal power of the Pope, the necessity of keeping the spiritual order and the political order distinct, the glories of liberty, the base-

ness of kings, &c., propounding these questions, and demanding no obscure or uncertain answer. And while we are in this mood, we cannot help imagining how different an answer the Spirit of the Age, if interrogated in the above manner, would return to those youthful inquirers from what Catholic doctrine points out as the true one. A wonderful genius is this Spirit of the Age! No matter how true or how much needed a maxim may be, one is reminded of the danger he incurs in uttering it, by the awful warning that it is not in accordance with the Spirit of the Age. The Spirit of the Age knows all things, and has an opinion to express on all subjects, past, present, or future. It is a thousand pities that so learned a spirit can never be tangibly taken hold of and made to speak for himself. But, like certain other spirits, though always busy at work, he is never seen, and though quoted by everybody, never speaks himself. Still, as we do not bear him unlimited veneration, we take the liberty sometimes to bring him fairly before us, in the form we imagine his vague and unsettled nature would choose, were he to become visible. In these instances the great Genius presents himself adorned with a face very much like that of an ape, for his speech imitates wisdom and truth precisely as a monkey imitates a man. The body, half human and half Satanic, winds off in a serpentine manner, emblematic of the crookedness of his philosophy. On his head, in lieu of the Socratic bays, we discern a little Red Republican cap dashed slightly on one side, to make him look interesting; under his arm he carries a wonderful dictionary, compiled from the leading socialist, progressive, ultra-democratic, and Young-Ireland periodicals of the day. From this book of wisdom, the obliging Genius answers, without stopping to take breath, all the possible difficulties of every art, science, and creed, in a manner which would put all the gray-beard philosophy of olden times to the blush. Nothing is too high or too profound for him. Yet, to tell the truth, whenever he affirms a thing, we have a shrewd suspicion that he knows he ought to deny it, and whenever we hear him cry loudly for a measure as good, we feel pretty sure that secretly he understands it to be evil. What he says may often seem plausible enough, but we prefer to look at his professions more searchingly, and discover what he means. Thus, for example, when he opens his dictionary at the word *Liberty*, and reads a brilliant passage descriptive of its greatness and glory, we marvel at his keeping a serious face, and suspect that, were he to state

honestly what he means, it would sound very much in this fashion : — “ Gentlemen, Liberty means leave for me to pick your pocket, and for you — not to complain.” He turns over a leaf of his book, and tells us of the philosophy of his enlightened school. We translate his definition of philosophy, and it avers that philosophy is the art of proving that two and two, not unfrequently, make five ; that black in many cases looks exceedingly like white, and that persons who wish to preserve their countenances from being burnt by the sun ought to wear a thick veil, especially at twelve o’clock at night. Does the Genius speak of the upwardness of modern progress ? Then, to our understanding, he means that progress is a faithful imitation of the motion of a crab going down hill. He descants upon the comforts of equality. Understood as he means it, no matter what he may say, equality consists in the very pleasant process of cutting off the heads of the tall men, and in pulling out the small men, as one might do a spy-glass, so that both become of a size. And when he searches his dictionary to give us the true meaning of his favorite word, Fraternity, his warm description of the peace which it produces puts us in mind of the famous Kilkenny cats, who fought until they had eaten each other up, all except the tips of their respective tails, which they wagged in token of defiance.

Guided by this key to the true meaning of the learned Genius of the Age, we look to him for an answer to the questions proposed higher up, and we have no doubt that his true view of the case would embody itself in solutions equivalent to the following. “ Religion and society,” he would say, “ are two orders, one opposed to the other. Religion was made, of course, by the Almighty, — it begins at the altar, ends at the holy-water font at the door, and is bounded by the four walls of the church. The period of its duration is from Sunday morning until Sunday evening. Society was invented by the Devil, and it rules the week from Monday morning until Saturday night. Business, politics, and amusements are things that lie beyond the verge of morality, and the control of religion. He who pretends to be religious anywhere but inside of the church is a bigot, a hypocrite, a man of the Dark Ages ; and he who outside of the church suits his convenience by cunningly cheating, smoothly lying, — playing, in short, the *confidence man*, — is a smart man, — in fact, something of an honorable man, — and, in fact, (if he take care not to be found out,) he may be one of the most remarkable men of his age and country.”

After this statement of the morality which passes current with this age of high-pressure progress, let us examine what the teaching of the Church is regarding Religion in Society. This section of our article is, properly speaking, the pivot upon which the whole discussion turns. Hence we must endeavour to render it clear and plain to the mind of every Catholic reader.

Man is a being fashioned in all his parts, and placed upon earth, by the hand of God. God created by a direct act of his power the soul of man, indirectly, according to the order of his wise Providence, the body of man. The part of man which makes him like unto his Creator is his soul. Now in his soul he has that power which is called will, or free-will. This free-will is the link which connects man with the moral order established by God.

This will is like a point upon which the law of God rests, as an ivory ball upon a smoothly polished marble table, which it touches only in one point. But as in this instance the whole weight of the ball rests upon the whole of the table, though touching it only at one point, so the whole weight of God's moral law rests upon the whole man, in every place and at every time, upon all his actions and relations. The reason of this is because man as an intelligent being, a free agent, a responsible person, is governed only by this will, which is sometimes called the monarch of the soul. But this monarch of the soul is governed by the moral law of God made known to the intellect. To be brief, God rules the will, the will rules the whole human being. All the rules laid down for man's will by his God, and made known to him through reason, or conscience, or revelation, are united and organized under the term Religion. Whenever an act is produced by the will of man, it is either according to the order required by religion, or it is not. If it is, that act is a virtuous act; if it is not, that act is not a virtuous act, but a vicious one. Virtue means the good use of free-will, vice the bad use of free-will. So that, in conclusion, you may search from Adam's first breath until the day of judgment, and you will find no act of human will indifferent in the face of religion, no act upon which it does not pass judgment, and register as a loss or a gain. Were an illustration desired to explain this universal influence of religion upon man and society, the world might be compared to a vast garden filled with every variety of flowers and plants, and religion to the light which illumines and vivifies them. Were the compari-

son to be carried out more fully, we might remember how God first created the light, and then organized it in the resplendent orb of day, which he placed as its centre and source, and to which he attached all its rays. In like manner he has centred and organized in a common focus and source, — in his Holy Church, — all the precepts of religion, its duties, its teachings, its moral and intellectual bearings upon man and society. From this glorious centre emanate the streams and floods of rich noonday light, which convey heat, color, and life to the gorgeous rose of the garden, the unspotted chalice of the virgin lily, and even cheer with a ray of comfort the modest violet in the bosom of the distant valley. This Church, appointed to be the inseparable companion and the faithful guardian of man, is a mother to him in his childhood, a teacher to him in youth, in manhood a friend, a guide in old age, until, when his tottering footsteps grow feeble and heavier as he approaches the end of his career, his eyes are closed, and he is wrapped in the mortuary shroud by the same fond parental hand which had rocked the cradle of his infancy. These principles, which are to be found in the catechism learned by every Catholic child, furnish a satisfactory answer to the questions proposed in the beginning of our article. They follow naturally from the maxim that God is the master of all. They merely assert that he is our master everywhere, that the Ten Commandments were made for the rich as well as for the poor, for the sage as well as for the ploughman, for the homestead as well as for the church, for the night as well as for the day, for the public as well as for the private individual, for old age as well as for youth.

Still, even such plain truths as these sound rather jarringly upon the ear of one reared under the tuition of this "enlightened nineteenth century." Many there are, who, without denying their truth, would laugh at one who were to utter them in a place of every-day resort. He would even be told, most probably, that he has no right to mix up religion and politics; that spiritual matters are one thing, and temporal matters another; that these things may do well enough for the pulpit, but that it is not good manners to speak of them among gentlemen and ladies. That the Church, or religion, which is the same thing, wants us to be good, of course, and to say our prayers once in a while, but that she does not want us to be bigoted, superstitious, unenlightened. Are not expressions similar to these used every day by people who pretend to be devoted to the faith, — ready even to die for it?

But what in common honesty is the meaning of the assertion, that we must not mix up politics and religion, spirituals and temporals, civil matters and Church matters? It either means that the sacred practices of religious worship must not be confused with secular pursuits, or that such pursuits are not subject to the control of the religious principle. If the first, let it go for what it is worth. For it amounts merely to saying that it is not the most appropriate time for a man to say his beads when he is taking his dinner, or that he ought not to read the newspaper in church, or that his children cannot say their prayers and study their catechism while they are playing at leap-frog, or singing Ethiopian melodies. If it mean the second, then it amounts to the exclusion of the Church and of God from every thing except religious worship, and is the fundamental principle of practical infidelity.

There is no act in life over which the principles of religion do not exercise their sway. In matters connected with God's worship, they exercise a direct and immediate sway. In matters appertaining to politics, education, business, and amusements, they exercise a sway which is indirect or mediate. In other words, they rule these avocations by maxims which are deductions from them, applications of them to matters somewhat remote from the centre and source from which they part. As there can be no effect without a cause, no series without a beginning, no conclusion without premises, so there can be no principle of honor, of justice, of common sense, or of common decency, if religion be taken away. All virtue depends upon religion as fully as religion itself depends upon the existence of God. Even the conscience of the savage and of the unbeliever, when in some particular instance it prompts him to abstain from all acts of revenge or injustice, gives to the existence of religion the testimony of a soul naturally Christian, as far as it is naturally candid and honest. All truth is one, and religion is God's truth, the order of truth and goodness, upon which all other orders of individual and social action, and in so far as they are not, criminal even unconsciously, depend. The manner in which the order of religion governs us in matters not strictly religious is not, however, by interfering with us in their merely material elements. The Church does not, in civil and secular matters, exercise over us an importunate or tyrannical sway. She allows us, where we see no wrong, to go on freely and cheerfully, and according to the state of life in which Providence has placed us. But she requires of us

that our will in these things shall be guided by an honest intention. She teaches us that our whole life, and every most minute action of our life must ultimately be referred to the end for which we were created, the service of Him who created us. It is a property of the will of man, that it never acts without a motive, an intention, an end in view. The particular aim we have in each action refers to some other end to which it is subservient. Now the ultimate end of all our actions, and of all the motives from which we act in detail, must be the service of God, to whom we are indebted for the power of acting at all.

Religion, by keeping this ultimate end steadily before our eyes, sanctifies and exalts our merely secular pursuits. By this plea she holds us accountable even for an act in itself so insignificant as an idle word. This intention, either by immediately preceding our actions, or by a happy frame of soul possessing habits of faith and virtue, and dedicating them to God in a general way, renders our slightest exertions deserving of being registered and rewarded in heaven. Who has not heard of the widow's mite, and of the glass of water given for God's sake to a thirsty brother? These simple deeds gained the notice and commendation of Him who gives wisdom to little ones, and confounded the self-sufficient knowledge of the proud sages of the world. The standard by which the Christian is to measure the actions of men is thus established. He is not to look, as the admirers of merely human heroism, at the greater or less degree of energy such actions call forth, or at the intrepidity with which they are performed, or at the success with which they are crowned, but at the greater or less relation they bear to the service of God and to life eternal.

By these remarks, likewise, it is sufficiently explained how Religion does not interfere with us in a way to embarrass us, confuse our actions, or deaden our efficiency, but only to exalt and to sanctify our pursuits. She is no tyrant, but a fond mother, no disorganizer, but the most angelic of harmonizers. An ingenious mind has illustrated this varied influence of religion by comparing the mere material actions we perform to the air breathed into a flute, and the influence of the principles of religion to the fingers of the artist, whose delicate touch harmonizes and modulates into notes of exquisite music the current of breath which of itself would only produce a monotonous or a disagreeable sound.

This simile illustrates at once the power which the religious

principle possesses, and the absence of suddenness and violence in its diffusion through the veins and arteries of society. The steady and healthy life which Religion imparts is thus distinguished from the workings of the various schemes and systems proposed in our day for the improvement of mankind, by men who, while refusing to submit to the guidance of her principles, would fain produce an equivalent to their admirable results. They begin their reforms at the pinnacle of the social pyramid, instead of toiling at its foundation. The object of their culture is not man, but the metaphysical person of society, in its complex and abstract acception. The "harmony," the "progress," the "reform," of which they speak as means, are in fact only the ends to be obtained. What man is to do to become possessed of these advantages, they themselves are unable to say. Socialism, associationism, Fourierism, even taken in a mild and modified sense, practically suppose man and society to be already what they would make them. We find this singular inconsistency confessed by the advocates of those systems which seem to be the most inoffensive. The state to which they would bring mankind must be the state he exists in before they can work upon him at all.

It is not our object to follow out the reflections suggested by these remarks, which we introduce only as an illustration of truth taken from the systems most opposed to truth. For let us be understood as giving no credit or countenance to these theories, however great may be our personal affection for many unfortunate individuals who devote talent and energy worthy of a better cause to dreams, not only unsubstantial and idle, but deeply and fatally pernicious. The Church does not appeal to mankind with vague cries of progress and reform, the only effect of which is to destroy without rebuilding, but her light and life, spreading through the whole social body, produce in reality the golden results which the most amiable of our visionary innovators can only see faintly traced in the mists of an unattainable distance. If there be such a thing as a follower of contemporary social philanthropy outside of the Church who is sincere, what an object of compassion he affords to the contemplation of a Catholic philosopher! He rises in the midst of his fellow-blind-men to talk about what neither he nor they know the meaning of. He exerts the utmost of his ingenuity to prevent them, by his individual influence, from seeing the only light which can lead them safely on to better things. Even though he may not

wilfully employ means which he knows to be impious in bringing them to embrace his views, he is under the influence of an intellectual dishonesty, which urges him on to render his hearers morally and physically wretched, at the very moment when he would wish to make them happy. Such orators will admire the order, the beauty, the power, of the Church, but see defects in her organization which in sober truth are only defects of their own diseased imagination. They speak as if it were their business to put the Church right, forgetting that it is her business to put them right. The authority which to the Catholic is a source of sweet consolation as well as of ever new and youthful vigor, they, under the vitiating influence of a crooked self-training, can only look upon as a burden and a hardship. All the blessings which they invoke for the human family are offered to them by the Church, with a fulness which far transcends their most sublime aspirations ; but they are unable to see it, and labor even with might and main to prevent the very results which they seem most anxious to obtain. But enough of theories outside of the Church, and which she condemns as heresies.

Our remarks thus far may seem to deal more with principles than facts, more with the elements of religious society than the grand results which it exhibits. Yet the observations we have made go very far towards suggesting the idea of what society would be, were it such as the Church desires it to be. The Church is able, through the religious training she holds out to each man, to make the union of all as perfect as human society is capable of becoming. Where she stops short, it is only on account of the insufficiency of the materials upon which she is working. Let each one faithfully copy the prototype she points to, aided by the helps she communicates, and the earthly kingdom of Christ will resemble his heavenly kingdom. Such resemblance, however, is not to be obtained by the removal of physical evil. The removal of a portion of such evil will undoubtedly be the result of a temperate, contented, virtuous Christian life. But the Church works with man as she finds him, and only wants to make him what he can really be. Where she can remove the afflictions which cross his path, she does so, and where this result is not to be obtained, she makes such afflictions work as part of her economy. She divests them of all moral guilt where they are stained by it, and then, as the natural philosopher produces light from inert and noisome

matter, she extracts heavenly consolation from the clogs and inconveniences of life. Were there nothing to be borne with in this life, how many virtues would be unknown, how many brilliant examples lost, how much generous and ennobling exertion unheard of! God permits the existence of physical evils, while he teaches the manner of turning them into gold. The modern philosopher, unacquainted with this heavenly alchemy, loses his time, and renders himself ridiculous, by attempting the vain task of their total exclusion. The philosopher would fain empty out the font which he knows to be swollen by many a tear, but the poor man's ingenious systems prove to be like the vessels with which the Danaides were condemned to work by paganism, — pails without bottoms to them. Hence his results are in an inverse ratio to his labor, the latter almost infinite, the former equal — to zero.

These remarks show that any objection derived from the existence of physical evil does not destroy what we are anxious to have placed before the reader's mind, *the ideal of Christian society*. Once we class the fundamental principles involved in this subject in their legitimate order, the conception of such an ideal is not difficult. By the proper formation of individuals, and the understanding that their aim is to be the fulfilment, in a perfect manner, of the duties of their respective positions, we see no insuperable obstacle in the formation of the family and the state. The system of religious society thus proposed requires no violent and sudden revulsion to correct what anomalies may now exist in the social framework, — unless, indeed, we treat of extreme and exceptional cases, which are to be met by extreme and exceptional remedies, rarely, if ever, to be applied by private individuals. In proposing this system, we offer nothing new. The remarks we have made are contained in the principle which, in some measure, has been the leading motto of our journal, — "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all other things shall be added unto you." Those who will admit no theory for the amelioration of society, from which God and his justice are not excluded, may smile at our simplicity. But we are very much mistaken if their mirth will be of long duration. The world, gentlemen of the modern schools, is beginning to grow weary of your high-sounding words, from which no decent result is obtained. Even your favorite pupil, "the people," must finally see that you do nothing but lead them by the nose. Perhaps it was as well that you should have your

day, and try your hand for a while, to show how utterly incompetent you are to effect what you so boldly and brilliantly promised. Even the people, stupid as you consider them, and reckless as they have shown themselves, must finally wish for something better than perpetual restlessness and excitement, attended only by failure and disappointment. The substitution of the Red Republican cap for the monarch's crown, and of the liberty-pole for his sceptre, may be a very pretty piece of melodramatic display. But when it is attended by the other substitution of a stone for bread, and a scorpion for fish, the people must come to realize this much, at least, that your logic passes not through the stomach to the brain, — a fatal truth for the popularity of the new guides. The kings and old leaders may have been too eager to devour their subjects, but the change insisted upon will not end merely in getting a new set of wolves in place of the old ones. No, no! We repeat it, what is to be corrected are the abuses existing in society, not the form of society itself; what is to be purified is the life-blood which courses through its veins. If the remedy resorted to be only to lop off the head and the arms, or to draw the blood forth from its channel, the difficulty will only be made greater, and in no wise remedied, — for inanition is even worse than feverish strength.

Under the guidance of the Church, we should see ambition give way to generous and healthy emulation. Political intrigue would find a corrective in the Christian virtue of prudence, exercised for the common weal. Restless and grasping avarice would be superseded by worthier motives, disinterested yet intense activity. Just and enlightened authority would protect the rights, and nicely balance the relations, of the higher and the lower classes, and thus remove the suspicion and distrust which must ever render a community restless and unhappy. Each individual, and each union of individuals, would learn to be elevated, not by aspiring intemperately to a higher sphere, but by becoming each hour, and each day, less and less faulty, more and more perfect in its own. The difference of interests and pursuits would introduce variety, without destroying harmony. For the wills of the various individuals would be sufficiently coördinate where each one cheerfully submits to the will of God. Thus would humanity, not, indeed, according to the vain dream of socialist theorizers, make a heaven of this earth, but it would make such use of the means placed within its reach as to become fit for heaven.

This, briefly, is what is needed, and all this the Church is able to effect for the people who confide their welfare to her protection, provided they be really and practically Catholics, — in fact and not merely in name. Has she not succeeded in this admirable work of elevating the individual in his sphere, without raising him out of his sphere? Has she not succeeded in sanctifying every condition of life, every grade of society? Has she not made the pursuits of each of her children a Christian vocation, and prescribed for the aim of all Christian vocations the highest possible degree of perfection, even that of the Father who is in heaven? Let us hear no more of the cant about the corruption or the weakness of nations called Catholic. Those nations, even in their decrepitude, exhibit signs of power and of life which their bitterest enemies cannot but envy and admire. These and all instances like unto these testify to the dignity of society as modelled and preserved by the Church. Where they have failed to be truly great, it is precisely because they failed to follow her leadership, and, like the Jews of old, sought to imitate the fashions of the heathen. Thus even the downward tendencies of Catholic nations do honor indirectly to the Church, just as the upward efforts of uncatholics, by their unfinished and partial attempts in the absence of her assistance, testify in her favor. Where uncatholic nations accomplish aught of good, it is in virtue of their Catholic traditions not totally lost, and where Catholic nations exhibit aught of evil, it is because of their adulterating their Catholic traditions with the uncatholic training of their neighbours.

The Church, however, is *not* unable to exhibit a great people, by whom her teachings have been fully understood and perfectly carried out in every possible state and condition of society. Her history presents us with a vast army of saints, whose lives were passed, not in any hidden or secret place, but in broad daylight, under the eyes of her enemies as well as her friends and followers. This array of individuals made perfect by her tutorship does not consist in a few, uncertain names. It is composed of persons belonging to every rank, from the pope and the emperor to the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. It is not confined to any particular shore, but numbers people of all ages and sexes from every tribe and tongue of the earth. The only professions excluded from this exalted company are those which, being decidedly bad in themselves, cannot contribute to the honor or the advantage of human-

ity. But members once belonging to such professions are enrolled by the Church among her saints ; for it was necessary she should explain the transition by which, from being her opponents, men could become princes of her court. In numbers this cloud of witnesses to the power of the Church is immense, for it does not merely include the saints properly so called on account of their solemn canonization, but all who were like them, whether canonized or not. Of the latter there are millions whose names are known only in heaven. Every saintly personage raised to the honor of the altar speaks not only for himself, but represents the countless numbers who, by his example, his zeal, and his prayers, were brought to lead a truly Christian life. And where can an assembly be found more noble, more diversified, more harmonious, which confers more honor upon the whole human family ? Whoever has been led to look with admiration upon any peculiar character will find it here exhibited in its fullest bloom. Whoever loves to read of the traits of high-minded generosity evinced by any one age or nation will find them here exalted, and unalloyed by the faults which elsewhere accompany them. Whoever is more pleased in observing the delicate and gentle workings of a well-attuned disposition will find them here represented in their sweetest and loveliest aspect, unaccompanied by frailty, and illumined by the reflex of light from heaven. No history exists of higher interest to all mankind, with the exception of the history of Him who was not simply true man, but true God. Do you admire the excellence of the military character ? There you can contemplate military heroism elevated to the rank of Christian virtue in the Roman officers St. Sebastian and St. Mauritius. Does your taste lead you to admire the splendor of a noble lineage when accompanied by honorable deeds ? Observe them both united in the Spanish prince, St. Hermenegild, the Hungarian duke, St. Wenceslaus, the Italian baron, St. Andrew Corsini. Or observe them still more august on account of the outward dignity of their persons in the Saints Chad, Canute, Edmund, Stephen, and Louis, who were kings, or in St. Henry, who was an emperor. Not only are popes and priests offered to the imitation of the Christian, as fitting models of perfection, but saints from every class of society are recorded in the glorious annals of the Church. The Saints Margaret, and Elizabeth of Portugal, were queens ; Monica, and Frances of Rome, were the widows of two private citizens. St. Ambrose was a magistrate, St. Ivo of Brittany a

lawyer, St. Homobonus a merchant, Saints Cosmos and Damian physicians. Even the most humble walks of life have had their Christian heroes. For example, St. Isidore was a farmer, St. Paschal Baylon a shepherd, St. Alexius a servant, St. Crispin a shoemaker, St. Blandina and St. Vita were servant-maids. Even pursuits in themselves indifferent were made the means of giving honor to God in a perfect manner. Hence we have our blessed Bartholomew, and Angelo da Fiesole, who were artists, and St. Paulinus of Nola, who was a poet. The majesty-loving Roman and the ingenious Athenian were admitted as candidates for the highest honor of Christendom, as well as the Israelite and the Egyptian. The high-born matron of Madrid and Naples is seen with the soft Saracen girl become a convert to Christianity. The sturdy English yeoman and the silk-clad Japanese, the Spanish knight and the Irish student, the German count and the French man-at-arms, all, all have in the history of the saints the example of some one of their own country, age, and calling, who has walked in the road of perfection even to the threshold of the kingdom of God. Some of these holy personages lived in solitary retirement, while others moved amid scenes of business and excitement. Some were pioneers of civilization and religion amid the thick forests of the North and the frozen seas of the South ; others were furrowed with honorable scars while facing the enemy of God and country upon the battle-field. When we are asked to point out some proof of what the Church can do for civilization, all these instances of her sublime and heroic influence crowd before our mind. And when the name of some one is requested, who has devoted himself to the extension of civilization under the guidance of the Church, and thereby really done honor to humanity, all her saints present themselves to our view as a vast army engaged in building up the empire of Christian society. When did this great army begin its march ? Where was its forwardmost rank first descried as it advanced ? It took its move from the supper hall at Jerusalem, on the memorable day of Pentecost. Preceded by the standard of the Cross, it pushed its legions into the fastnesses of heathenism. It was met by stalwart arms, and proud hearts resolved to stop its advance, — but in the encounter it was victorious. It halted before the heathen temple. The tongue of the heathen priest was paralyzed, and his lips were struck dumb, while his idol quaked upon its basis, and fell crumbling to the ground. Amid the smoke of

the silver censer, the aspersion of pure water made holy by prayer, and the joyful peal of the choral anthem, the Christian conquerors consecrated the temple to the honor of the true Author of life and death. The era of religious civilization was inaugurated and its great mission begun.

What was the offspring of man's genius, religion preserved, as belonging to her already, but condemned and rejected what came from his errors or his passions.

New recruits were added to the great army as it advanced, and its splendid organization unfolded itself more and more to cover its outstretching and expanding ranks. A conspicuous place was needed for the seat of its chief leader, and a tent was pitched for Peter upon the grave of the Cæsars. Schools were needed where its youthful warriors might be trained, in virtue and wisdom, to wear their accoutrements with more pleasing grace, and, driving away the babbling sophists of the Porch and the Academy, it opened the text-book of Christian doctrine in Antioch, Athens, and Byzantium. Did a fertile and promising country unfold itself to the view? Then, as the inhabitants gradually fell in with the higher discipline of Christian life, their every-day avocations were cared for, and brought to work harmoniously under the control of the new wisdom that diffused itself abroad. The towers of the convent rose on the gentle slope of some smiling hill-side, the corridors of the monastery stretched along on either side of the village church, and the tiller of the soil was taught to mingle with the song that beguiled his hours of repose the praises of the Most High, in the words of the Prophet and Psalmist. All worked for good. What was found already of proper material was consecrated to high and holy purposes. But as the bands of the elect spread far and wide, enkindling in the breasts of men of every tribe and tongue the new fire brought from heaven, new sources of power and confidence were discovered by its light. Unknown vistas of glory opened to the right and left, and forms of beauty and joy moved in their brilliant aisles, unseen hitherto by the eye of man. Regenerate nature, and the dignity which it acquired, not only accompanied the Christian to the foot of the altar, but went abroad with him and inspired him with sublime recollections and sweetest hopes, even amid the scenes of merely mortal life. The mind had learned to ascend higher and higher, and the heart to beat and dilate more fervently and more freely, until to be a hero became habitual to the Christian. The painter and the sculptor had become Catholic, not

only in their act of faith, but in the whole man, and the world that surrounded him was elevated to the consortship of Divine nature. They resumed again the brush and the chisel, but cared no longer for the subjects those plastic implements once discoursed. The canvas, as it unrolled, no longer exhibited dreamy incentives to degrading lust, but was made holy by the love-speaking features of the Virgin of Virgins, that look from their radiant field now bent in adoration at the birth of the Promised One, now veiled by the shadow of grief at the loss of the Beloved, now joyful again at his triumphant return from hell and the tomb. The spotless marble refused to be moulded into the zoneless figure of Grecian voluptuousness, and sprang into the majestic outline of the prophet, or bent to the attitude and assumed the heaven-turned look of the dying martyr. Inspired by the subject glowing into life under his hand, the artist rose to a holy enthusiasm, and gave back again to his subject the rapturous eloquence which uttered its delight from the depths of his own heart. The poet and the musician still sang, but the angels in whose company religion had taught him to think melted heavenly notes into the stream of melody which gushed from his lips, or steeped the chords of his consecrated lyre. The architect still built, but no longer with the vulgar purpose of inducing the soulless multitude to flatter and praise his selfish pride. He conceived the mighty design of calling into existence a structure whose mystic grandeur could bring the thoughtless Christian to feel spontaneously that he was in the house and before the presence of the Almighty, and which might force the unbeliever to kneel and pray in self-defiance at his shrine. Frequently would he lay down his pencil upon the unfinished plan, and pray, — and prayer would turn into fire, and the fire expanding his throbbing heart, lifting his mind above itself, and quickening his imagination with the acuteness and rapidity of lightning, he would grasp his pencil and dare to sketch in a moment of prophet-like fervor the noble vision of his soul, — the vast conception of a pile whose every stone had a tongue to speak of heaven, whose majestic outline would command the breathless admiration of a thousand years. Say you thus of the traveller who no longer limited his desires to the gold and gems of Araby and Golconda, but traded in immortal souls which he purchased for heaven. And if, for a moment, as he stemmed the surge which rose upon his path across the wintry ocean, its deafening roar made his heart begin to fail, buoyed up by his heroic devotion, he smote his

breast and blushed at hesitating to do for God at least as much as the adventurous merchant could accomplish for the love of earthly treasure.

These are a few of the flowers which the army of the saints scattered along the path which led them toward their home in heaven. These are some of the fruits which the saints and those who are like unto them bring forth, because they realize the fact that the true dignity and true happiness of man are centered in religion. This, in other words, is a leaf taken at random from the history of the Church as a civilizer. Brief and desultory though they be, they sufficiently show how religion, though destined ultimately only to invigilate the eternal welfare of man, consults indirectly his temporal advantages, and, while raising his soul towards heaven, elevates his whole being to the highest perfection it is capable of attaining upon earth.

But let us not lose sight of the brilliant panorama wherein we viewed the great army of the saints passing along, in the fulfilment of their noble mission. We saw them start from the Apostolic supper-hall at Jerusalem, upon the eventful day of the coming of the Paraclete, — the day on which was inaugurated the Christian era. We spoke of their trials and their success as they spread abroad over the whole face of the earth. Let us now contemplate the vision of unequalled splendor and grandeur which will embody the fulness of time, and the closing scene of their mortal career.

When the last day of the world shall dawn, and the last saint shall have imprinted the latest footstep of his march upon earth, the glorious army of all the representatives of the true dignity of regenerate humanity will meet together in triumph in the Valley of Judgment. He who was first beheld in the form of a little child in the manger of Bethlehem, and latest on the hard bed of the Cross upon Calvary, will be seen by all men in the valley of Jehosaphat at the right hand of his Divine Father. He will fill the throne of judgment, and preside over the triumph of his elect. Behold them as they spread out in brilliant array, clothed in robes of gladness, and adorned by light from above ! Let those who accuse the Church as being the enemy of true greatness of soul, — those who ask what nation has been made perfect by religious civilization, — those who long for a society free from blemish, — behold this evidence of the power of the Church in elevating humanity of every tribe and tongue, of every age and condition, of every century and country. Where could an assembly of nobler heroes, a cloud of

stronger witnesses, be found, to complete the ideal of perfect society?

See first the choir of Apostles, preceded by Peter and Paul. What was the work they accomplished? They changed the legislation and civil usages of the world, — hurled paganism from the altar and the throne, — first made men understand they were brethren, and cast the broad foundations of the moral order. Near to them is the choir of martyrs, with crowns on their brows, and palms in their hands, first of whom Stephen fell, in the morning of life, under the persecutor's sword. They taught by example that man has but one Master, — that there is something more precious than life, — that he who will enter the field of battle for conscience' sake may be silenced, scourged, mutilated, crushed, and still be victorious! Then follow the venerable confessors of the faith, whose life the proud world smiled at as an infatuation. They took their stand at various posts, and toiled incessantly, it were difficult to say, whether more to save their own souls, or those of their brethren. Some of them were holy pontiffs and doctors, on whose lips was opened a fountain of wisdom, to elevate the mind of the faithful, and confound the audacity of the heretic and blasphemer. Some, again, were venerable monks and hermits, who made vocal the mountain height and the woody glade with the praises of the Most High, and caused the barren wilderness to bloom as a garden of plenty. Or did they select for the field of their labors the hospital and the gallery, — the study-hall of youth, — the distant home of the rude barbarian? Everywhere following the path of the apostle and the martyr, they cultivated the good seed previously sown, and watered it with their blood; they penetrated the masses, and while humbling the proud, the rich, and the powerful, they elevated the soul of the serf and the plebeian, and equally to each distributed the word of life and the sacramental food, the sources of Christian fortitude and perseverance. Nor is the more gentle and less constant portion of humanity forgotten in this triumphal pageant. Woman will on that great day bear testimony to the dignity of society sanctified by religion, for her representative will be the noblest specimen of humanity not personally united with the Godhead. If, in the consideration of the influence of religion on society, we have omitted to signalize what it has done for woman, ample justice is done and the fulness of so pleasing a theme summed up in one magic name, — that of our loveliest of exemplars, our sweetest of

mothers, our noblest of queens, — MARY! Paganism, by making of woman an idol or a slave, destroyed both her usefulness and her dignity. Christianity made her all in usefulness, but not a slave; all in dignity, but not a goddess. How little inferior to the angels are those myriads of sainted females who, on the great day of triumph, form the crown of the Virgin Mother! The lilies they bear in their hands are emblems of the spotless purity of their souls, the roses with which they are crowned were purpled by the blood of their innocent hearts, freely poured out as the price of constancy in the faith. Let him who delights in examining the tests of highly cultivated civilization try to understand how great must be the depth and healthiness of that society where the influence of woman is characterized by such angelic perfection. Israel foreshadowed the Church, and the Church foreshadows heaven. And as the Synagogue in her palmy days, while making her children as fully as possible Christians, or preparing them to be so, transcended all human schemes of improvement, thus the Church, while rendering the children committed to her care as fit subjects as possible for heaven, renders their society as much like that of the heavenly kingdom as it can possibly become. Here closes our ideal of Catholic society, were it pure and unalloyed, as it ought to be.

O, why will many who are gifted with loving hearts and aspiring souls, and who still speak of happiness for man, refuse to study the secret of that happiness which the Church locks not up in her bosom, but dispenses with the rest of her royal treasures? Why will they waste their time and wear out their spirit in chasing flitting phantoms, which, like the evening mist, glitter for a moment in the rays of the setting sun, but, turning from one fantastic shape to another, pass away and are seen no more? Unhappy, thrice unhappy men! who, in the abundance of their learning, know less than the lisping child who only half understands the prayer he is taught to con. But the loss is theirs, and not the loss of the Church. He who opposes her may succeed for a time in preventing his fellow-sufferers from receiving her soothing care; but let him look to history, and learn the fate of those systems of nationality from which she and the God who speaks through her alone were excluded. Let him see how she was then, and how still she remains, while they are only remembered in the dream of the poet, or the schoolboy's tale.

When, on the eve of the banquet of death, she spoke words

of serious warning to the citizen of Solyma, he laughed at her sanctity as folly, and her wisdom as a maniac's dream. But when the angel of Judah took his departure from the desecrated temple, and the national life of the Jewish people was buried beneath its ruins, the Church moved in the vigor of youth at the foot of Mount Olivet and Thabor Hill. The proud Roman, in the days of his greatness, heard her voice, which flattered not the powerful and the wealthy, with disdain, and drove her to breathe her prayer beneath his feet, down amid the sepulchral gloom of the crypt and the catacomb. But where the Tarpeian Rock, once crowned with gilded palaces and glittering fanes, reared its rugged summit again in silence and desolation to the sky, she sat upon the ruins spread around its base, and mourned over the blindness of those who had fallen to rise no more. She spoke in the Areopagus to the Athenian sage of the God unknown to him, and the only one known to her, and he rejected her doctrine as strange. But she still published that doctrine upon the shores of the Ægean, when nothing remained in the temple of Minerva but the ill-omened owl, and the bat flitted in day-time through the desert halls of the Athenian's pride. Byzantium acknowledged her power, and kissed the hem of her royal garment, and rose to be as queen among the cities of the East. It rejected her sway, and scorned to bow to her sceptre, and sunk to be the slave of the barbarian invader. But the steam of her censer continued still to spread in sweetness around, when the son of a robber of the desert sat upon the throne of the Constantines, and the voice of the turbaned muezzin resounded through the air which once thrilled at the peal of festive music that greeted the advance of the Greek emperor's triumphal car. He who made republican France his footstool, and changed the sceptres of European monarchs as playthings from hand to hand, would not receive from an aged pontiff the crown of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and placed it himself proudly upon his brow; but the Church whom he sought to make his handmaid, and whose High Priest he confined in a prisoner's cell, in the person of that aged pontiff, amid the joyful hosanna of all nations, sat again upon the throne of the world, when the self-crowned universal monarch was entombed upon the beach of a desert island, by the hand of a foreign jailer.

Of the triumphs of Mother Church, and of Religion in Society, no more. May we that have known her love her with still increasing devotion. May those who love her not begin to

understand the wonders that exist in their very midst. Let those who are not for her, however, bear in mind, that, whether they oppose her, or pretend to extend to her their patronage, as she cheered the hearts of the great and good centuries before they and their vain systems were born, so will she lead new generations heavenward ages on ages after they and their vain systems are remembered no more.

ART. VI. — LITERARY NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

1. — *Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe.* By the Rev. J. BALMEZ. From the French, by C. J. HANFORD and R. KERSHAW. London: James Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 452.

OUR readers are already well aware of the high estimation in which we hold this admirable work by the late Abbé Balmez, — a work which will stand the test of the most rigid criticism for lofty eloquence, sound philosophy, solid and various erudition. It does for Protestantism, under a political and social point of view, what the illustrious Moehler has done for it under the point of view of theology. The *Symbolik* of the German professor may here and there contain statements and views that need some modifications, but it utterly demolishes Protestant dogmatism, and shows unanswerably that it is baseless, incoherent, self-contradictory, and unable to stand a moment before enlightened theological criticism. The no less illustrious Spaniard has done the same with political and social Protestantism. For some time Protestants have very generally ceased to claim any superiority for Protestantism over Catholicity as a religion, as a system of dogmatic truth, or as the means of effecting the salvation of the soul, and have placed its defence on the ground of its having disenthralled the human mind, broken up civil despotism, established civil freedom, and advanced the general civilization and social well-being of the European nations. The Abbé Balmez meets Protestants on this their chosen ground of defence, and proves that it is utterly untenable, and that Protestantism has only retarded, instead of advancing, the cause of liberty and general civilization. In him human reason, the common sense of mankind, sits in judgment on Protestantism in its social and political character, and pronounces a sentence of condemnation which the future will not reverse.

The translation of this work into our language we regard as a

happy event. It is precisely the work which in the present crisis we need, and its influence will be wide and lasting. Mr. Hanford and his assistant, Mr. Kershaw, have done their work well. The work hardly reads as a translation, but has the freedom, freshness, ease, and vigor of an original work, and yet, as far as we have compared it with the French, it is faithful, and even literal. These gentlemen prove themselves very fair translators, and we hope their labors will be appreciated by our countrymen, and that the work, which is published in a cheap but neat style, will find as ready a sale in this country as we learn it is finding in England.

We have no room to give any extended review or analysis of the Abbé's work, and, indeed, no analysis can give a correct and adequate notion of it. The work to be known must be read entire. All we have space to do is to give a single extract, which may serve to give as good an idea of the whole as a single brick from its walls of ancient Babylon. We select the first chapter, entitled the "Nature and Name of Protestantism."

"There is a fact in existence among civilized nations, very important on account of the nature of the things which it affects, — a fact of transcendence importance, on account of the number, variety, and consequence of its influences, — a fact extremely interesting, because it is connected with the principal events of modern history.

"Like a clap of thunder, it attracted at once the attention of all Europe; on one side it spread alarm, and on the other excited the most lively sympathy: it grew so rapidly, that its adversaries had not time to strangle it in its cradle. Scarcely had it begun to exist, and already all hope of stopping, or even restraining it, was gone; when, emboldened by being treated with respect and consideration, it became every day more daring; if exasperated by rigor, it openly resisted measures of coercion, or redoubled and concentrated its forces, to make more vigorous attacks. Discussions, the profound investigations and scientific methods which were used in combating it, contributed to develop the spirit of inquiry, and served as vehicles to propagate its ideas.

"By creating new and prevailing interests, it made itself powerful protectors; by throwing all the passions into a state of fury, it aroused them in its favor. It availed itself by turns of stratagem, force, seduction, or violence, according to the exigencies of times and circumstances. It attempted to make its way in all directions; either destroying impediments, or taking advantage of them, if they were capable of being turned to account.

"When introduced into a country, it never rested until it had obtained guaranties for its continued existence; and it succeeded in doing so everywhere. After having obtained vast establishments in Europe, — which it still retains, — it was transported into other parts of the world, and infused into the veins of simple and unsuspecting nations.

"In order to appreciate a fact at its just value, to embrace it in all its relations, and to distinguish properly between them, it is necessary to examine whether the constituting principle of the fact can be ascertained, or at least whether we can observe in its appearance any characteristic trait capable of revealing its inward nature. This examination is very

difficult when we have to do with a fact of the kind and importance of that which now occupies our attention. In matters of this sort, numbers of opinions accumulate in the course of time, in favor of all which arguments have been sought. The inquirer, in the midst of so many and such various objects, is perplexed, disconcerted, and confounded; and if he wish to place himself in a more advantageous point of view, he finds the ground so covered with fragments, that he cannot make his way without risk of losing himself at every step.

"The first glance which we give to Protestantism, whether we consider its actual condition, or whether we regard the various phases of its history, shows us that it is very difficult to find any thing constant in it, any thing which can be assigned as its constituent character. Uncertain in its opinions, it modifies them continually, and changes them in a thousand ways. Vague in its tendencies, and fluctuating in its desires, it attempts every form, and essays every road. It can never attain to a well-defined existence; and we see it every moment enter new paths, to lose itself in new labyrinths.

"Catholic controversialists have pursued and assailed it in every way; ask them what has been the result. They will tell you that they had to contend with a new Proteus, which always escaped the fatal blow by changing its form. If you wish to assail the doctrines of Protestantism, you do not know where to direct your attacks, for they are unknown to you, and even to itself. On this side it is invulnerable, because it has no tangible body. Thus, no more powerful argument has ever been urged, than that of the immortal Bishop of Meaux, — viz. 'You change; and that which changes is not the truth.' An argument much feared by Protestantism, and with justice; because all the various forms which are assumed to evade its force only serve to strengthen it. How just is the expression of this great man! At the very title of his book, Protestantism must tremble: *The History of the Variations!* A history of variations must be a history of error.

"These unceasing changes, which we ought not to be surprised at finding in Protestantism, because they essentially belong to it, show us that it is not in possession of the truth; they show us also, that its moving principle is not a principle of life, but an element of dissolution. It has been called upon, and up to this time in vain, to fix itself, and to present a compact and uniform body. How can that be fixed, which is, by its nature, kept floating about in the air? How can a solid body be formed of an element, whereof the essential tendency is towards an incessant division of particles, by diminishing their reciprocal affinity, and increasing their repellant force?

"It will easily be seen that I speak of the right of private judgment in matters of faith, whether it be looked upon as a matter of human reason alone, or as an individual inspiration from heaven.

"If there be any thing constant in Protestantism, it is undoubtedly the substitution of private judgment for public and lawful authority. This is always found in union with it; and is, properly speaking, its fundamental principle: it is the only point of contact among the various Protestant sects, — the basis of their mutual resemblance. It is very remarkable that this exists, for the most part, unintentionally, and sometimes against their express wishes.

"However lamentable and disastrous this principle may be, if the coryphæi of Protestantism had made it their rallying-point, and had con-

stantly acted up to it in theory and practice, they would have been consistent in error. When men saw them cast into one abyss after another, they would have recognized a system, — false undoubtedly ; but, at any rate, a system. As it is, it has not been even that : if you examine the words and the acts of the first Reformers, you will find that they made use of this principle as a means of resisting the authority which controlled them, but that they never dreamed of establishing it permanently ; that, if they labored to upset lawful authority, it was for the purpose of usurping the command themselves ; that is to say, that they followed, in this respect, the example of revolutionists of all kinds, of all ages, and of all countries. Every body knows how far Luther carried his fanatical intolerance ; he who could not bear the slightest contradiction, either from his own disciples or any body else, without giving way to the most senseless fits of passion, and the most unworthy outrages. Henry VIII. of England, who founded there what is called the liberty of thinking, sent to the scaffold those who did not think as he did ; and it was at the instigation of Calvin that Servetus was burnt alive at Geneva.

“ I insist upon this point, because it seems to me to be of great importance. Men are but too much inclined to pride ; and if they heard it constantly repeated, without contradiction, that the innovators of the sixteenth century proclaimed the freedom of thought, a secret interest might be excited in their favor ; their violent declamations might be regarded as the expressions of a generous movement, and their efforts as a noble attempt to assert the rights of intellectual freedom. Let it be known, never to be forgotten, that if these men proclaimed the principle of free examination, it was for the purpose of making use of it against legitimate authority ; but that they attempted, as soon as they could, to impose upon others the yoke of their own opinions. Their constant endeavour was, to destroy the authority which came from God, in order to establish their own upon its ruins. It is a painful necessity to be obliged to give proofs of this assertion ; not because they are difficult to find, but because one cannot adduce the most incontestable of them without calling to mind words and deeds which not only cover with disgrace the founders of Protestantism, but are of such a nature, that they cannot be mentioned without a blush on the cheek, or written without a stain upon the paper.

“ Protestantism, when viewed in a mass, appears only a shapeless collection of innumerable sects, all opposed to each other, and agreeing only in one point ; viz. in protesting against the authority of the Church. We only find among them particular and exclusive names, commonly taken from the names of their founders ; in vain have they made a thousand efforts to give themselves a general name expressive of a positive idea ; they are still called after the manner of philosophical sects. Lutherans, Calvinists, Zuinglians, Anglicans, Socinians, Arminians, Anabaptists, — all these names, of which I could furnish an endless host, only serve to show the narrowness of the circle in which these sects are inclosed ; and it is only necessary to pronounce them, to show that they contain nothing universal, nothing great.

“ Every body who knows any thing of the Christian religion must be convinced by this fact alone, that these sects are not truly Christian. But what occurred when Protestantism attempted to take a general name is singularly remarkable. If you examine its history, you will see that all the names which it attempted to give itself failed, if they contained any positive idea, or any mark of Christianity ; but that it adopted a name

taken by chance at the Diet of Spires; a name which carries with it its own condemnation, because it is repugnant to the origin, to the spirit, to the maxims, to the entire history of the Christian religion; a name which does not express that unity, — that union which is inseparably connected with the Christian name; a name which is peculiarly becoming to it, which all the world gives to it by acclamation, which is truly its own, — viz. *Protestantism*.

“Within the vast limits marked out by this name, there is room for every error and for every sect. You may deny with the Lutherans the liberty of man, or renew with the Arminians the errors of Pelagius. You may admit with some that real presence, which you are free to reject with the Calvinists and Zuinglians; you may join with the Socinians in denying the divinity of Jesus Christ; you may attach yourself to Episcopalians, to Puritans, or, if you please, to the extravagances of the Quakers; it is of no consequence, for you always remain a Protestant, for you protest against the authority of the Church; your field is so extensive, that you can hardly escape from it, however great may be your wanderings; it contains all the vast extent that we behold on coming forth from the gates of the Holy City.” — pp. 1–3.

The work may be had of Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, 151 Fulton Street, New York; and of Joseph A. Copes, 51 Salem Street, Boston; and we recommend all who would possess one of the great books which has appeared in our day, to lose no time in procuring it.

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2. — *The Orphan of Moscow, or the Young Governess. A Tale.*
From the French of MADAME WOILLEZ, by MRS. M. A. SADLIER.
New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1849. 18mo. pp. 400.

THIS is a very interesting story, admirably translated, breathing a truly Catholic tone, and teaching an unexceptionable moral lesson. It is a valuable present to our young folks, although far better adapted to the wants of Catholic youth in France than in this country. We wish some one would write a tale entitled *The Orphan of New York, or The Orphan of Boston, — The Irish Orphan, or The Catholic Orphan*, — which should be adapted to the condition of the poor orphan boys among ourselves. Let its hero be an orphan boy, and taken from the poorer class, not from the wealthier. Our modern writers take much more pleasure in depicting the piety of girls than of boys. This comes, we suppose, from the fact, that piety in females is prettier and more sentimental than in the other sex, and therefore more within the comprehension of an effeminate and sentimental, not to say sensual, age. Yet boys have souls as well as girls, and were equally redeemed by the Man-God. We are not among those who think lightly of female intellect, female piety and worth, and we willingly accord to woman in her own sphere equality with man. We are not Mahometans, nor savages.

Nor are we of those who see an angel in every woman and a devil in every man. We do not believe the modern idolatry of woman is any more acceptable to God than any other species of idolatry. So long as men believe and practise Christianity, there is no danger of the women being unbelievers; and we confess that the religious training of boys seems to us to require more attention than even the religious training of girls. One of the things we like Canon von Schmid's stories for is, that they show us good boys as well as good girls.

Boys almost always have a model character before their eyes, some one they seek to be like. Take, then, a boy from the class of poor orphans in one of our large cities, and conduct him step by step from early childhood through the actual difficulties, dangers, and temptations which beset boys of his class, up to virtuous manhood. Let there be nothing strange or marvellous; be simple and natural, keep within the sphere of every-day life, and show how such a boy may preserve, in a country like ours, his faith, his innocence, and gain a livelihood, respect, and a solid manly character. The poor boys who read it will not be carried out of their sphere of life, they will see that the hero of the story was one of themselves, and they will, in seeing how and what he did, understand how and what they are to do. They will take him for their model, their pattern, and seek to imitate him. We only throw out a brief hint. One is appalled at the number of real or virtual orphans we have in our midst, and perplexed to know what we are to do with them. If we place them in Protestant families, they may get bread for the body, but none for the soul; they will be trained up in the way they should *not* go, and lose their faith, their piety, and their souls. The question what we are to do to protect them presses more and more heavily upon us, and in some way must be met. It is frightful to think how many of our children and youth are every day lost to the Church and heaven.

3. — *Poems and Prose Writings.* By RICHARD HENRY DANA.
New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE welcome this republication of Mr. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings. Mr. Dana stands, deservedly, at the head of our American poets, and is surpassed by none of our prose-writers for the clearness, precision, naturalness, purity, and classic grace and finish of his style and diction. But his volumes are too important a contribution to American literature to be despatched in a brief and hurried notice. They deserve an elaborate review, and we shall take the earliest opportunity to recur to them, and to speak at

length of their artistic merits. We confine ourselves now to simply announcing the appearance of this new edition, which is sent forth in a style of typographical neatness and elegance quite creditable to the publishers.

4. — *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola, translated from the authorized Latin ; with Extracts from the Literal Version and Notes of the Rev. Father Roothan, Father-General of the Company of Jesus.* By CHARLES SEAGER, M. A. To which is prefixed a Preface by the Right Rev. NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D. First American, from the last London Edition. Published with the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop Eccleston. Baltimore : Murphy & Co. 1850. 18mo. pp. 256.

THE all but inspired *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, are too well known and appreciated to require any notice at our hands. We should as soon think it necessary to commend the *De Imitatione Christi*, as them. The Preface prefixed to the translation, by Dr. Wiseman, is highly valuable, as is every thing that reaches us from that learned and illustrious prelate. Of the translation itself we have nothing to say. The translator is, we presume, a pious and learned scholar ; we only wish he had better taste, and a better knowledge of the English tongue.

5. — *Christianity and the Church.* By the Rev. C. C. PISE, D. D. Baltimore : Murphy & Co. 1850. 16mo. pp. 304.

THIS is a neatly printed and agreeably written volume, by one for whom we have a high personal affection and esteem, on a great and interesting subject, and with the best intentions in the world. But the author must pardon us if we tell him frankly that we do not like it. To us the title hints and the whole book implies, that the Church and Christianity are separable, and that we arrive at the Church through Christianity, instead of arriving at Christianity through the Church. As an argument for our holy religion, it seems to us not less adapted to raise than to allay doubts. The learned author cites, along with holy doctors of the Church, and with hardly a mark to distinguish them, the most notorious infidel chiefs of modern times. Indeed, his chief authorities are Bayle, Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, and Pierre Leroux. No doubt these are cited as concessions of the enemy ; but the fact that

they are so cited is not brought forward so prominently as it should be, to protect those who do not happen to know from other sources than the book itself, that they are not good Roman Catholics. We cannot help feeling that the citations from these infidel writers, which fill a very considerable portion of the volume, will excite in many readers a curiosity to examine the works from which they are taken. For ourselves, we do not believe that we gain much to the cause of Catholic truth by citing the concessions of its enemies, especially when we cite as concessions what they say ironically, to save themselves from the police, or for the sake of giving more point and force to what they wish to allege against the Church, as is the case with nearly all that is cited from Voltaire and his associates. We cannot, therefore, speak of this volume in the terms we should wish, and we hope that, before it passes to a second edition, the author will give it a thorough revision.

6. — *The Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil, with English Notes, a Life of Virgil, and Remarks upon Scanning.* By EDWARD MOORE, M. A. Boston: Mussey & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 550.

THIS is a very neatly, and, as far as we have examined, a very accurately printed edition of Virgil. The notes are, in general, judicious, and such as the pupil needs. The editor departs frequently from the ordinary reading and rendering, in some cases not wisely in our judgment, but in others, perhaps, he is justified. Upon the whole, it is, as far as we can judge, a very creditable edition, and will, no doubt, be so regarded by teachers and learners.

7. — *A History of England, from the Invasion by the Romans, to the Commencement of the Reign of William the Third.* By JOHN LINGARD, D. D. A New Edition. Corrected and considerably enlarged. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 1848-49. 13 vols. 16mo.

MESSRS. DUNIGAN have now completed their edition of Dr. Lingard's History of England. The edition is London print, very neatly got up, and is furnished at an exceedingly low price. Now, when so much interest is excited in English history, and new editions of Hume's and Macaulay's romances, which the poor people are fain to look upon as authentic history, are multiplied, no pains

should be spared to circulate Dr. Lingard's work, the only passable history of England ever written. The Catholic may complain justly of Dr. Lingard of yielding too much to Gallicanism, but his work has done an immense service to the cause of truth in England. Its general merits and accuracy are too well known and too generally admitted to need to be pointed out by us. We hope our Catholic public will continue to patronize it liberally.

8. — WE have before us, issued within the last few months, *Angelica*, *The Melon*, *The Little Lamb*, *The Cakes*, *The Cherries*, *Best Inheritance*, and *The Carrier Pigeon*, by Canon von Schmid, extending to No. XIV. of Dunigan's *Library of Popular Instruction and Amusement*. We have so often commended these exquisite tales, and the tasteful manner in which they are sent out, that we need say nothing more.

9. — *Reviews and Essays*. By E. G. HOLLAND. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 397.

A VERY respectable volume, so far as paper and typography are concerned, and exceedingly important, original, and profound as to its contents, — in the estimation of its author, a young minister of the Christ-ian sect. The author is not one of those who have any occasion to put up the old Scotch prayer, — “O Laird, gie us a gude conceit o’ oursel’s.” He is a marvel to us. He knows all things, and some others, and has a command of words we have never seen approached, save in John Neale and Alexander Campbell, and a simplicity of thought not by any means approached in either of those distinguished gentlemen. He is a wonderful man. Yet let us not be misunderstood. Mr. Holland really has good natural gifts, gifts of a high order, and only lacks modesty and proper discipline. He has grown up amongst men of little learning and less knowledge, and has never learned to measure himself properly. He overrates his acquirements, and undertakes to discuss matters of which he knows only enough to render his discussions ridiculous. His pompous manner, his swelling periods, and his verbose and bombastic style are really intolerable to persons of genuine cultivation and good taste. If he will go to school and put himself under rigid professors for eight or ten years, and attain to some proportion between his acquirements and his ambition, he will be able to write *Reviews and Essays* creditable to himself, and acceptable to scholars and men of solid attainments.

10. — *The Incarnation*. By ROLLIN H. NEALE, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 32mo. pp. 94.

Messrs. Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln have sent this little work out in a very tasteful, and even beautiful dress, and Mr. Neale has evidently bestowed great pains in its composition. We cannot treat otherwise than with respect any honest attempt made to vindicate any one of the sacred mysteries of our religion, let it be made by whom it may, especially in these days of Rationalism and Transcendentalism. Mr. Neale is a Calvinistic Baptist minister in this city, and deservedly ranks high among the ministers of his own sect. We remember him as a frank, social, good-hearted man, with less of the peculiar characteristics of Baptist ministers than we commonly meet with. As for the Baptist sect, we have less patience with them than with most others, in consequence of their denial of infant baptism. In denying that, and on the ground on which they deny it, they really place themselves out of the pale of Christendom. Even our New England Unitarians are to be preferred to them, for, as a general thing, the children of Unitarians are, or at least have been heretofore, baptized. We quarrel not with Baptists about the mode of baptism, but we must tell them that they do not recognize Christian baptism at all, and therefore are in no sense joined to the Church of Christ.